

The Church and the Money-lender.

I.

CATHOLIC Apologists who undertake to explain the Church's teaching on the vexed question of loan-interest must be prepared to defend a paradox and to refute a calumny. Both one and the other may be briefly stated.

In the first place, as is well known, the Church refused for many centuries to admit that lenders of money were justified in exacting interest as *a matter of course*, however small that interest might be. At the present day, on the other hand, she permits *the practice* of taking a moderate interest. And yet she claims that this change of front is only apparent, and not real; or, in other words, that her doctrine is to-day unchangeably the same as it always was and ever will be in principle, but has varied only in its application. Such is the paradox. And now, what is the calumny? It is this. Hostile critics of the Catholic Church maintain very truly that the formation of our modern system of credit has been essential to the development of trade and industry; but they go on to say very falsely that the Church's restrictions on the freedom of the individual Christian to lend at interest retarded the development of credit. And finally from this mixture of truth and error they deduce the calumnious conclusion that she has proved a hindrance to the production of wealth and the improvement of material well-being. If there is one accusation more than another which could impair faith in the Church as an infallible teacher, it is that of doctrinal inconsistency; if there is another calculated to prejudice the ordinary mind against accepting her authority as a practical guide to moral conduct, it is that she is or has been a drag on progress. Both these charges, then, would be very formidable if they could be proved. But that is just what they cannot be. It is no very difficult task to show that the former prohibitive doctrine of the Church with regard to interest is logically reconcilable with her permissive attitude at the present day; and further that, so far from its being true that the old usury prohibition, as it is called, hindered commerce and in-

dustry or diminished national or individual well-being, the exact opposite is the case. The former proposition deals with the theoretical aspect of the canonist prohibition of usury, and is the subject of the present article. The latter is its practical aspect, and is reserved for discussion in a subsequent one.

In the days when Catholicity and Christendom were virtually coextensive in Western Europe, not only did the individual Christian look to the Church for moral guidance in the ordinary affairs of his private life, but statesmen also—many of whom were clerics—were profoundly influenced in their legal enactments by the principles laid down by theologians and canon lawyers to enable them to determine what constitutes the justice or injustice of the various business contracts which one man makes with another. They acted on the principle, worthy of more general adoption at the present day, that the State cannot afford to permit as expedient for society what the Church condemns as unjust in the individual. Now, as it so happens, most men are at some time or other in their lives either borrowers or lenders, and consequently the contract of loan—especially the loan of money—came in for particular attention. In fact, the minuteness of analysis to which this and other contracts were subjected by Catholic moralists has been of invaluable service to the elaboration of economic theory. It is not without justice that the canonist discussions have been described by a competent judge as the “midwife of modern economics.”¹

The Church, as the recognized arbiter of commutative justice in matters of loan, laid down the sufficiently self-evident principle that for a loan to be just there should be equivalence in value between what was lent and what was repaid. Everything, then, depended on determining how that equivalence was to be measured. In modern times, if a man lent another £100 at the beginning of the year and received £100 at the end of it, by way of repayment, just so much and no more, he could not be said to have recovered at the end of the loan the equivalent in value of what he lent at the beginning. The reason is obvious. He could argue that, if he had not lent the money, he, *like anybody else*, could have invested it in some form of remunerative enterprise, other than loan, from which he could with moral certainty have counted on receiving a dividend of—let us say—four per cent. In

¹ Ashley, *Economic History*, vol. i. pt. ii. p. 397. (3rd ed.).

order then to indemnify himself for the loss of that dividend, he is clearly within his rights in stipulating, when he lends the money, to receive at least that amount by way of interest. Otherwise he would be out of pocket by the transaction.

It will be observed in the example I have just given that the amount of interest which may be justifiably exacted is to be estimated by the amount of compensation due to the lender, in order to cover the risk he runs of losing his money or the losses he can prove he has sustained or stands to suffer with moral certainty for no other reason than because he lent the money. This point is of vital importance to the theory of usury. So far as the claims of justice are concerned—and usury is essentially a sin against justice—loan-interest is to be calculated entirely from the side of the creditor. What the borrower wants the money for has nothing to do with the case, except on the rare occasions when he is in dire necessity, and charity requires that the lender should forego a profit to which he is strictly entitled. Fortunately for the poor, the necessitous and the oppressed, justice does not exhaust a man's moral obligations to his neighbour. Charity may at times step in to temper the strict demands of justice. Usury is not necessarily a sin against charity, for it can be committed against the rich, but when it is practised to the ruin or detriment of the very poor its malice is aggravated by a sin against charity. That much no genuine Christian will gainsay. The borrower, then, may solicit the loan either for production or consumption, he may want the money, for example, to spend in the purchase or sale of Marconi shares or in buying household goods: or he may squander it, if he is so foolish, in living riotously. All that is neither here nor there to the lender. Of course it may be of service to him to know whether his money is as a rule borrowed for productive investments, and if so, what they will yield; for such knowledge may enable him to inquire whether these investments are open to himself and thereby to estimate by the amount of dividends realized, what is the extent of the alternative gain he might have personally made, had he not divested himself of his money for the sake of the borrower. Calvin was, therefore, wrong in saying that interest could lawfully be taken from the rich, but not from the poor; for even in Calvin's time there would have been cases in which it would have been usury to exact interest, however moderate, from a rich man.¹ It is no less erroneous

¹ Böhm-Bawerke, *Capital and Interest*, p. 29.

to argue, as many economists have done, that the creditor is entitled to interest because, through lending his money, he renders a useful service to the borrower.¹

This contention will be more readily grasped by carefully attending to the distinction, made in substance by St. Thomas Aquinas, between the two different kinds of value that may attach to an article according to the manner in which it subserves the wants of men. It may either have a use-value or a market-value. An article is said to have a use-value when it has a special utility to a particular person which causes him to esteem it. Such a value-in-use attached to the bow of Ulysses, which only he could bend. On the other hand, a commodity is said to have a market-value, when its utility to society in general is such that it is universally prized as a thing which may be given or taken in exchange for other commodities. The market-value is determined by supply and demand; it is the power of the article in commercial exchange, and the measure of that power is called its price, whether expressed in terms of money or otherwise. So far as the justice of the price is concerned, moralists lay down the rule that the seller can justly demand for his wares the price ruling in the market, provided that the market has not been fraudulently manipulated, no matter whether they are quite useless to him or have cost him nothing to produce or to procure.²

It is quite different with use-value. Here the rule is that, when the utility of a thing to a particular individual is altogether peculiar to himself, it is not just in private exchange, which is based on the use-value of the article, to take advantage of his exceptional need of it to charge for it, notably in excess of its market-value. If, for example, I have a set of the first edition of Thackeray's novels in boards, which only wants a copy of *Esmond* to complete it, the addition of that single novel would enhance the value of my collection, as a whole, out of all proportion to the value of the *Esmond* taken in isolation. If, then, you have a copy of *Esmond* of the first edition, and knew that it would add £20 to the value of my collection, it would not be just of you to

¹ Claudio Jannet, *Le Capital, etc.*, p. 83: "L'idée de Bentham, de Hume, de Turgot, de Bastiat, que le *service rendu* est la cause de la perception de l'intérêt, amènerait à justifier toutes les spéculations sur les passions ou la position embarrassée de tel ou tel emprunteur."

² Vermeersch, *Quæstiones de Justitia*, p. 428, §§ 342—345. (2nd ed.).

charge me £20 for it, if you knew that no second-hand book-dealer in Charing Cross Road or anywhere else would give you more than five pounds for it.

The reason is given by St. Thomas Aquinas: "If one party," he says, "is much benefited by the commodity which he receives of the other, while the other, the seller, is not a loser by going without the article, no extra price must be put on. The reason is because the benefit that accrues to one party is not from the seller, but from the condition of the buyer. Now no one ought to sell another that which is not his, though he may sell the loss he suffers. He, however, who is much benefited by the commodity he receives of another may spontaneously bestow some extra recompense on the seller; that is the part of one who has the feelings of a gentleman."¹ Accordingly, reverting to the illustration of the Thackerays, the advantage that would accrue to me from getting your copy of *Esmond* would rather be due to my having an otherwise complete set of the first edition than to the *Esmond* having taken on a supplementary value in itself. In other words, the increment of value arose rather from my side than from yours, and you ought not to claim a greater share in it than is represented by the market-value, more or less, of your *Esmond*. I should be very ungrateful, however, were I to pay you only that amount, but in strict justice it would be all to which you are entitled.

The distinction between use-value and market-value, between private and commercial exchange, may be best illustrated by taking an extreme case. Let me recount what may be called a *Parable of the Bad Samaritan*. An Arab, named Averroes, was riding through the desert carrying with him a bag of pearls, when suddenly his camel went lame. His situation was serious, because the nearest well was several miles distant, and by an unhappy chance his water-bottle had sprung a leak and was now empty. Not willing to leave his camel, and being on the main track, he thought he could chance waiting for a passer-by; but none came. Presently the pangs of thirst began to tell on him, and he sank fainting to the ground. In this pass, another Bedouin, named Avicenna, came along. He perceived the dying Averroes on the sand and recognized his critical condition. He dismounted, opened his flask, and was just about to put the

¹ 23 222, Q. 77, art. 1, *in corp.* (*tr.* Rickaby).

cup to the lips of the sufferer, when his eye caught sight of the pearls, which the despairing man had taken out to look upon, as he had thought, for the last time. Instantly avarice transformed Avicenna from a good Samaritan into a heartless Shylock. Averroes' extremity was his opportunity. He began to bargain for the pearls. He had the dying man absolutely at his mercy, and both of them knew it; and so Esau-like, Averroes bartered away his precious gems for a cup of water.

Who will say that this was not a hard and unconscionable bargain? It is no use saying that Averroes acted with his eyes open. He was like the apothecary who sold the poison to Romeo, sorely against the grain, muttering the while to palliate his weakness, "My poverty and not my will consents." We all feel instinctively that such a contract was unjust. But why? It is all very well to sit in judgment on Avicenna; but if we are to be accounted reasonable, we must be able to assign some more specific principle than mere sentiment which he may be said to have violated. I defy anyone to advance a cogent ground for condemning Avicenna except that of St. Thomas, viz., that it was a case of charging a purchaser up to the full use-value to *him* of an article without reference to its use-value to the *seller* or its market-value to the world at large. Had Avicenna met another Arab who wanted a drink a mile further on, he would have been content to receive the usual market price of water, as sold by one Bedouin to another in the desert, a price conceived by general consent to cover the cost of transport, say a shekel a cup. Under the circumstances even a single pearl would have been an exorbitant price to exact of the purchaser; yet he might have been willing to pay it out of gratitude. When, however, Avicenna charged Averroes the price of all his pearls, he was deliberately exploiting his victim's necessity; he was exacting a price for an advantage accruing to Averroes from the water, an advantage that arose out of his distressed condition and not out of any exceptional risk, expense, or trouble on the part of the seller. His gain, therefore, over and above a shekel, was an unearned increment, if ever there was one.

The principle just enunciated is no less applicable to the contract of loan than to that of sale and purchase. In the middle ages, "when," as Professor Ashley¹ says, "trade and manufacture were carried on by special bodies, in special

¹ Ashley, *i.e.*, p. 305.

places, with special privileges, when the whole of life was composed of measured services and regulated duties," money had a use-value for the select few, who could engage in merchant adventure, as it was termed, which it did not possess for many of those who had spare coins in their coffers. Not everyone who had money could argue that he was potentially a merchant, for the simple reason that not everybody, but only a very few, had facilities or legal freedom to engage in commerce. Those were days when money was usually employed for purposes of private exchange, as for instance by a rural population in purchasing instruments of husbandry or the necessities of life; when the economic order reposed rather on labour than on capital; when, in short, the favoured individual who could make a profit by mercantile enterprise could claim that his gains were due rather to his exceptional ability, industry, or opportunity than to any inherent efficiency of capital. To such a one money had a use-value, but not necessarily to the man who lent to him. The latter had no right to act on the assumption that when he lent his money to a merchant he was personally and as a matter of course foregoing a merchant's profit on it. If then he claimed unconditionally and without further investigation a percentage of the merchant-borrower's profits, in addition to the return of his capital, he was reaping where he had not sown; he was claiming an indemnity for what he had not lost; he was usurping a gain due to the use-value of his money to another, where it had no corresponding market price or use-value to himself. That was usury.

The same is true of the money-lender at the present day whose client is in a tight place, as the saying is, and whom the usurer accommodates with a loan, not on terms that have any relation to the market rate, but directly in proportion to the tightness of the place in which he has got his victim. A familiar example is the cashier who has fingered the money in the till, has gambled with it, and lost. That money must be back in its place by the day of audit, or ruin, perhaps a criminal trial, will ensue. He approaches a professional money-lender and asks for a loan to the amount he has embezzled. The latter has an intuition for the motive of his client. He inquires what salary he gets, and then he draws his bill by which he calculates to enmesh the borrower for months and perhaps for years in his toils. He does not absorb the whole salary; that would be to kill the goose that

lays the golden eggs. He leaves his victim enough for a bare subsistence. If the latter has the indiscretion to make a sort of Father Confessor of his unctuous benefactor, woe betide him! He is fashioning scourges for his own back. From that moment he must be prepared to reckon for a lifetime, not so much with the extortions of usury as with, what is far more galling, periodical requisitions of blackmail.

It is now time to state in so many words precisely what the Church forbade and what she allowed with regard to interest on money. It will then be opportune to examine the reasons for her action in either case. In a pregnant definition of usury formulated at the fifth Council of Lateran, in 1515, which crystallized her unvarying previous doctrine on the subject, the Church declared: "Usury is properly interpreted to be the attempt to draw profit and increment without labour, without cost and without risk, out of the use of a thing that does not fructify."¹ What then is referred to in that definition under the phrase, "a thing that does not fructify"? Such a thing would be butter, beer, or flour. Unlike an orchard or a milch-cow, butter, beer and flour bear no fruit. Their only use is their immediate consumption. When, therefore, I lend you a stone of flour, a firkin of butter, or a gallon of beer, none of these things bear any fruit in your hands any more than they would have done in mine, had I retained possession of them. In one word, they are sterile. The mediaeval canonists called them "fungible" things, inasmuch as equal, but not identical amounts of them, the quality and market price remaining the same, can function in payment for one another. Thus, when I lend you a bottle of wine to drink or a ton of coal for fuel in your kitchen, I should be satisfied to receive in repayment another bottle of wine or another ton of coal of the same quality that would fetch the same market-price. Accordingly, if I exacted interest from you in the shape of a little extra wine or coal at the termination of the loan, I could only do so on the ground of some supposed fruitfulness, which by hypothesis these articles, regarded as purely consumable commodities, do not possess. Consequently a loan of these fungible or generic goods is on the face of it a gratuitous one. Shorn of all extrinsic considerations, there is really nothing in the loan for which I can charge interest. Justice is satisfied if the principal is repaid.

¹ Lehmkuhl, *Theol. Mor.*, i. § 1092.

Again, when I lend you such things as these, they are entirely at your disposal till it is time to repay them. If I lent you a tin of biscuits, I could not claim that that particular tin was in any sense still my property. All I am entitled to is a similar tin of the same variety of biscuits later on. That is what is meant by saying that the dominion over fungible things that are lent is transferred from the lender to the borrower. That it is so is plain. I have no right to enter your dining-room and help myself liberally to the tin of biscuits I lent you. If I did, you could have me up for larceny. Moreover, once you have received them from me, they are at your risk. If through an accident they become uneatable, the loss is yours, not mine. You are not thereby absolved from repaying me. It follows that I have no right to inquire what you do with the biscuits. Even if you made an interim profit on them by selling them to a picnic party, I could not claim a share in that profit; for it does not follow that because the picnic party dealt with you they would have dealt with me. The gain is the fruit of your opportunity, rather than of the biscuits as such. If I insisted then on sharing it with you, that would be usury.

It follows then that the loan of things that by their nature are destined for immediate consumption is *per se* a gratuitous contract. Therefore no interest should be exacted for it, merely because of the loan. Still there are circumstances which may or not accompany a loan of such things, and therefore may be regarded as extrinsic to the loan, under which even the severest moralists would allow some interest to be exacted. So much is implied by the official definition of usury. If a lender of fungible things advances them on insufficient security; if he suffers loss by so doing; or if through depriving himself of them during the period of the loan he misses a chance of making an interim profit out of them, he is allowed to indemnify himself to that extent.¹

That being so, the question is—was there ever a time when money, which in the middle-ages existed exclusively in the shape of coin, could be assimilated as a rule to fungible things, such as I have mentioned. If there was, then money

¹ "A charge by way of *penalty for culpable delay in repayment* may also justly be stipulated for, provided it is moderate in proportion to the principal, and is entered in the bond to ensure punctuality, and not with the express intention on the part of the creditor that it shall be incurred. An honest and business-like debtor need not incur it." (Lehmkuhl, i. § 1100.)

at such a time was *per se* sterile, and interest could no more justly be exacted for the loan of it than for the loan of wine or flour, unless the lender could prove that he had run some risk, or sustained some loss, or sacrificed some alternative profit by lending out his money for the sake of the borrower. In the absence of any such title, interest on a loan of money could only be regarded as usury, or what Shakespeare, borrowing the language of Aristotle, describes as "a breed of barren metal." Still, it was not upon the physical incapacity of money to bring forth, like cattle, according to its kind, that the canonists based their view of its sterility. Their argument went much deeper than that. Money was likened by them to consumable or unproductive things, because in the effectuation of private exchange it is consumed artificially, or, as the canonists used to say, *civilly*, just as milk or porridge is *naturally*. When money was—what in mediæval times it usually was—an instrument of private exchange, and when moreover it was readily convertible into articles of consumption, but by no means so readily into instruments of production, then the assumption that it could be looked upon as a fungible thing was quite in order. The loan of it, therefore, was essentially a gratuitous contract, in which the amount to be repaid was required to balance exactly the amount lent. In a word, any six silver coins of a certain assay were repayable by any half-dozen others of the same assay.

The mediæval moralists' view of money, therefore, was that in the economic conditions in which they lived, it was as a rule virtually unproductive; and it was because of this its sterility that they forbade interest to be taken on the loan of it.¹ Now when a man assigns a specific ground for objecting to a proposition, once that reason ceases to be valid, it is only reasonable to concede that he may without inconsistency withdraw his objection. This is precisely the situa-

¹ As Archdeacon Cunningham says: "Medieval capital was lent for purposes of unproductive consumption. Thus applied, the money failed to bring about an increase of wealth, but remained, as Aristotle would have said, 'barren.' This fact goes far to account for the long-continued prejudice against Jews and Lombards. Since no addition to the wealth of the community arose through their intervention, it seemed that any gain accruing to them in their operations must have been made at the expense of the borrowers, and ought to be condemned as extortionate. . . . At that time very few opportunities existed for so using capital that it should not only bring in a return to the owner, but also increase the wealth of the community." (*Cambridge Modern History*, i. p. 499).

tion of the Catholic Church with regard to money-lending at interest. *She objected to the practice of taking interest, as a practice, but she did not necessarily object to interest on the isolated loan.* But here you may perhaps object: "How can that be? If she allowed interest to one, why not to all? And if on one occasion, why not habitually?" I answer, her reasons for forbidding interest might be, and were, valid in general, but not necessarily in every individual case. Her position is that money was formerly as a rule sterile. On the other hand, had she issued a general license to lenders to take interest, that would have been tantamount to admitting that money could always and everywhere be presumed to be virtually productive. That was an admission which, for many centuries, the economic conditions did not justify. Therefore she refused to allow Christians to act upon it. Still, it would be most untrue to say that the Church ever forbade interest under all conceivable circumstances. She expressly admitted that there might be exceptional circumstances, as in the case of Hanseatic or Florentine financiers, in which the lender might be presumed to stand to lose by the privation of his money, because he could prove that alternative profitable investments other than money-lending were open to him.¹ In such cases she conceded that the demand for interest was just. In point of fact, there never was a more apposite case of the exception proving the rule than in regard to the canonist view of the efficiency of money. The very difficulty the mediaeval lender experienced in trying to prove that one or more extrinsic claims to interest were valid in his particular case is a significant indication that in that epoch money as a rule was sterile. Had the Church given a general approval to the practice of taking interest, what happened to Calvin would have happened to her. He gave a very guarded sanction to the practice, and in so doing, he observed with much misgiving: "If we make the least concession, many will use it as a pretext, and will snatch at a bridleless license, which can never afterwards be checked by any moderation or exception." He was right. "In after years," writes Professor Ashley, "Calvin's great authority was invoked for the wide proposition that to take reward for the loan of money was never sinful."²

The attitude of the Catholic Church never lent itself to

¹ H. Pesch, *Die soziale Befähigung der Kirche*, p. 443. (2nd edit.)

² Ashley, *l.c.*, pp. 459, 460.

these sinister interpretations. In the second Council of Lyons in 1274 and in that of Vienne in 1311, she forbade Christian corporations and governments to sanction the practice of lending at interest within their jurisdiction.¹ At the same time she was content that interest might be permitted in the case of lenders who could show that in their particular case it could be justified by invoking some extrinsic title. She admitted these titles with great caution, especially that in virtue of which a lender exacted interest as compensation for a supposed sacrifice of alternative profit.² Thus, while she secured justice for borrowers in general, she contrived to do no injustice to any individual lender. An example will illustrate the reasonableness of her procedure. Although the general prohibition of usury was not withdrawn till the year 1830, yet as far back as 1643 Innocent X. approved the practice of Christian money-lenders in China who exacted as much as thirty per cent. interest, as insurance against the unusual risks they ran in lending money to unreliable debtors.³ The practice of the Church formerly was to require proof in each case when interest was taken that it was justified by some extrinsic title. However, since the Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth century economic conditions have been so entirely changed that money can no longer be regarded as virtually unproductive, and the proof in every loan of an extrinsic title is no longer necessary. Money now possesses the properties of Capital, since it is now, for a reason I shall shortly explain, what Adam Smith defined Capital to be, namely, "Stock which is expected to afford a revenue,"⁴ no matter how small its amount, and no matter what the position of its owner. *The quality of virtual productiveness attaches in this epoch so invariably to money, that, while our capitalistic regime lasts it may be said practically to amount to an intrinsic title to a moderate interest, whenever money is lent.*

What may further serve to illustrate the mediæval infertility of money is to show how it has ceased to be sterile in modern times. There are two ways in which money can take on a productive character, either as an instrument for the facilitation of manufactures and commercial exchange, or else

¹ Lehmkuhl, i. 1098.

² Ashley, *l.c.*, pp. 400—405; 457, 458.

³ De Ligorio, *Theol. Mor.*, p. 765.

⁴ *Wealth of Nations*, bk. ii. ch. i. p. 275 (ed. Rogers).

in its representative character, in so far as it is readily convertible into the instruments of production. In the former capacity it is no less indispensable to the merchant and to the captain of industry than are his tools to the carpenter. A man may have business aptitude and opportunity; he may have an innate capacity for capturing goodwill, stimulating new wants, and forecasting changes of fashion; in short he may possess any or all of the hundred and one qualities that make for success; but if he has no capital he is disabled from turning those qualities directly to advantage. To engage in the struggle of commerce, he must have the sinews of war. However, a man with such endowments can generally get control of capital. Now-a-days no one who has money, be it ever so small a sum, need want for an investment. There is no restriction, legal or otherwise, to prevent him engaging in business, either personally or by investment in the funds of a joint-stock company. He has at his disposal abundant means of transport and communication; the highways of commerce by land and sea are secure in peace and protected by international law in war; every day new sources of natural wealth are being tapped, and money is clamoured for to exploit some new and fortune-making patent. The great towns are feverishly active hives of human activity, and the whole world virtually competes in the same market. Anyone then who has money can traffic with it, and whoever lends it can exact interest to the amount that he could reasonably hope to make with it if he invested it otherwise than in loan. Now, just reverse all these conditions, and you have the economic circumstances of the middle ages. Money was largely monopolized, goods did not circulate freely; trade was confined to close corporations, like the merchant-adventurers of York, and no one who had not large disposable funds could associate himself as a partner in merchant adventure.

Now let us consider money in its representative character. To-day no one has any difficulty in finding remunerative employment for his money; land changes hands freely; there is scarcely any form of productive agency, not to say consumable wares, which does not fall into the category of "promiscuous money's worth." In the middle ages it was not so. The Feudal System, for one thing, tied up land more effectually than the modern law of entail, so that as Professor Ashley says, "it would often be possible to buy a rent-charge, where it would not be possible to buy land itself."¹ In

¹ Ashley, *i.e.* p. 406.

short, according to Father Joseph Rickaby's masterly summary of former conditions:

In the middle ages land was hard to buy, agriculture backward, roads bad, seas unnavigable, carrying trade precarious, messages slow, raids and marauders frequent, population sparse, commerce confined to a few centres, mines unworked, manufactures mostly domestic, capital yet unformed. Men kept their money in their cellars or deposited it for safety in religious houses, whence the stories of treasure-trove belonging to those days. They took out the coin as they wanted it to spend on housekeeping, or on war, or on feasting. It was hard, next to impossible to lay out money so as to make more money by it. Money was in those days really barren—a resource for housekeeping not for trade—a medium of private exchange—a representative of use-value, not of market-value.¹

To sum up, in former centuries the Church prohibited interest as a rule; she allowed it only as an exception. Now she prohibits it only as an exception, when it is excessive, she allows it as a rule. She forbade it when money was generally barren; she permits it now that money is virtually productive. Where is the inconsistency? There is here no contradiction; only another instance of the Church's wonderful sameness amid change, of her adaptability to circumstances coupled with fidelity to principle. As she never has relaxed her severity with regard to divorce, however flattered or menaced she might be, so she will never sanction usury. Here is one more proof that she is the one divinely appointed custodian of Christian morality. Amid the clash of conflicting interests, she maintains the balance of justice, and emerges from the ordeal with her reputation for consistency, not only untarnished but enhanced.

HENRY IRWIN.

¹ *Moral Philosophy*, p. 261 (3rd edit.).

The Men of the Old Stone Age.

IN the contest for newspaper notoriety, the Piltdown Skull has, during the past year, divided the honours with the Balkan War and the Marconi scandal, and if its appearance in the Press has been more spasmodic than that of its two rivals, at least it has outlived them in public interest. It was in the autumn of 1912 that we were first assailed by leaded headlines proclaiming that the Missing Link had again been found, and casually attributing an antiquity of some millions (or was it billions?) of years to the remains; and only last September there were papers dealing with it at the British Association meetings, while in the previous month the International Medical Congress was the occasion of a rather warm controversy about it, all duly reported in the newspapers.

What is the reason of this general interest in a few fragments of bone? There have been many discoveries of prehistoric remains within the last few years, but none of them created such a stir as the Piltdown Skull has done. They appealed to a circle of scientists rather than to the general public. Certainly a fairly wide circle, but one which looks for its information on such matters to its own technical journals. It was not for such specialists as these that the numerous articles in the daily and weekly papers, dealing with prehistoric man, were written. They were popular articles intended for popular consumption. Why, then, should the general public have developed such an interest in the question? No doubt the main cause is the close contact in which the ordinary reader is now kept with the researches of science. Popular scientific magazines and regular articles by well-known experts in the Press cause the public mind to reflect fairly accurately the current thought of the scientific world. But this only pushes the question further back. Why are men of science themselves, especially in English-speaking lands, so unusually interested in these remains? Partly because they were found in England, even more because of the vast antiquity claimed for them, but also, perhaps, for

another reason. Dr. Duckworth has recorded the placidity with which the discovery of the extraordinarily interesting jawbone from the Mauer sandpit was greeted in 1908, and he attributes that placidity to the universal acceptance of the theory of evolution, which seemed to be supported by the characteristics of the relic. Doubtless that theory is still the first article in the *Credo* of most men of science, but of late a curious hesitancy about it is appearing.¹ Men are beginning to realize that the mechanism of evolution is by no means so simple and so easily explained as used to be believed, and the older materialistic explanation of it is failing to satisfy the deeper thinkers. Professor Hobhouse (whose competence as a scientific philosopher cannot be questioned) has recently given very powerful expression to this in his book *Development and Purpose*, in which he attempts to give a spiritual (though not Christian) interpretation to the postulated process of evolution.

As a consequence of this dissatisfaction with the view of evolution hitherto current, there is a growing desire to go more carefully into the evidence, in order to reconstruct the theory, if possible, on a firmer basis. Now, as a piece of evidence, it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the Piltdown Skull, claimed to be the oldest so far discovered, and yet possessing characteristics which, on the ordinary evolutionary hypothesis, it would have been extremely difficult to forecast. These will be discussed later on in this article, the purpose of which is not to open up the question of the validity of the hypothesis of evolution, a question far too deep and wide to be discussed in connection with one set of facts only, but to attempt to estimate the value of the Piltdown fragments as evidence and to correlate them with previous discoveries relating to palæolithic man. The subject has a special interest for Catholics from the fact that the clergy of the Church have been very prominent amongst the investigators of "prehistory."² As Dr. A. H. Keane puts it, in his amusingly patronizing way, "It is a remarkable fact that many of the pioneers in this line of inquiry have been enlightened Roman Catholic or Protestant clergymen."³

¹ See, for instance, the chapter on Human Evolution in Dr. Duckworth's *Prehistoric Man* (1912).

² See for details *Christianity and the Leaders of Modern Science*, by K. A. Kneller, S.J. Herder: 6s.

³ *Ethnology*, c. v. p. 75.

A few details, just to provide the basis of our argument: The prehistoric period is commonly divided into the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age, from the material mainly in use for tools and weapons at each period: the first moreover is subdivided into Eolithic (Dawn of the Stone Age), Palæolithic (Old Stone Age), and Neolithic (New Stone Age). The eolithic period is still the subject of controversy, some claiming to find traces of man at that time, at least in his handiwork ("eoliths"), and others vehemently declining to admit that claim. In this article we deal with the succeeding period, the palæolithic (corresponding to pleistocene strata) when the first undeniable evidences of man appear. We shall not attempt to determine the length of time that has elapsed from the end of these prehistoric periods, for the simple reason that such attempts are quite idle at present. Geological time, which is all that the pre-historian can appeal to, is merely relative. Mr. Marett, in his recent little book on anthropology, quotes M. Cartailhac as having given the age of the mural paintings to be referred to later, as "not less than 6,000 years and not more than 250,000." Even this is perhaps a dangerously exact statement.

The anthropological data at the disposal of archæologists consist of great numbers of flint and other implements, of carvings and mural paintings, and of human and animal remains. Towards the end of the seventeenth century a palæolithic implement (now in the British Museum) was found near Gray's Inn, London, but a considerable time had to elapse before the significance of such "flints" was realized. One of the first to recognize it was the Abbé Boucher de Perthes, who published in 1847 an account of his finds at Abbeville, in the gravel of the Somme Valley. Since then, very many "palæoliths" have been discovered, ranging in workmanship from the roughly flaked, unpolished stones of the early Chellean period to the beautiful leaf-shaped lance-heads of the Solutrean, just before the dawn of the Neolithic period. Sir Bertram Windle, in an article in this magazine for October, 1902,¹ has pointed out some interesting analogies between these implements and those still made and used by uncivilized races.

As to mural paintings, one of the leading authorities on the question is again a Catholic priest, the Abbé Breuil, who

¹ "Side-lights on the Prehistoric Period."

early in 1913 lectured on the subject at the University of London. The limits of this article do not admit of a detailed description of the paintings which have been discovered in caves in France and Spain. Though at first they were received with great scepticism (and were even attributed to the Jesuits!) their claims as prehistoric are now universally admitted, and M. Cartailhac, one of their chief opponents in the past, has written an account of them in conjunction with the Abbé Breuil. Excellent reproductions of these paintings have been published and may be seen, for instance, at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, London.¹ They are no mere crude outline sketches, but drawings of wonderful vigour and life in three colours, the relief being in some cases well brought out by skilful shading. When one considers that these paintings were done far up dark caves, by the treacherous light of some prehistoric lamp, one marvels no less at the skill they manifest than at the motive which called forth their execution. In all probability they have a religious significance, and they prove conclusively what an immense gulf separated the men of the Old Stone Age who painted them from the irrational creation.

But palæolithic man did not confine his art to painting. Carvings on bone and ivory have been discovered of a delicacy, beauty and finish to which no mere description can do justice. If this seems exaggerated to a reader unacquainted with the actual specimens, let him take the first opportunity to examine in some museum such a work of art as the exquisite miniature horse's head from the Mas d'Azil, "worthy to compare," as Sir Ray Lankester says, "with the horses of the Parthenon."²

These facts being premised we come now to the main purpose of this article, viz., the discussion of the actual discoveries of human remains, going back to prehistoric times. At the same time it must be pointed out that palæolithic art affords a better clue to the character of our far-off ancestors than any number of skulls can do, for it evidences mental and spiritual activities, and gives us the means of determining where in the scale of development its authors actually stood:

¹ Though, curiously enough, they are hung at the end of the main hall, furthest from the relics of the men who painted them. See also plates in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xx., sub tit. "Painting."

² For further details of palæolithic art, see *Manuel d'Archéologie préhistorique*, par J. Déchelette, vol. i. c. ix; and *Ancient Hunters*, by W. J. Sollas, c. viii.

whereas skulls can tell us little more than cranial capacity, the relation of which to mental development is very uncertain and very variable. With this caution, let us turn to consider the discoveries that have been made of prehistoric skeletons, or skeletal fragments, claiming palæolithic antiquity. They have been comparatively numerous, and we must confine ourselves to the most important.

In 1856, in the course of excavations in a quaternary bed in the Feldhoven Cave of the Neander Valley, in Prussia, there was unearthed the top of a skull of extraordinary appearance, to be known to posterity as the Neanderthal skull. Its cranial arc was flattened (*i.e.*, roughly, its forehead was very low), and showed that the cranial capacity had been small. But the most remarkable feature was the great development of the supra-orbital (or eye-brow) ridges. At once the fragment became the centre of discussion and controversy. Some held it to be a pathological specimen, some denied its antiquity altogether, some held that it was the much sought-for Missing Link. The controversy as to this particular specimen was never definitely settled, but it had its flank turned, so to speak, by the discovery, in 1886, at Spy in Belgium of two crania and other skeletal fragments, showing much the same characteristics as the Neanderthal skull: and these, taken together with subsequent finds in different parts of the Continent, have established the existence of a widely-distributed race, now known as the Neanderthal Race. As exemplified in a specimen discovered in 1908 at la Chapelle-aux-Saints (Corrèze) by the Abbés J. Braysonnie, A. Braysonnie, and L. Bardon, the features of this type may be classified as: prominent supra-orbital ridges, a general roughness or knobbiness providing attachments for powerful facial muscles and a lower jaw which is chinless and very massive.¹ In the Neanderthal type, the ascending rami are wider and stronger than in a modern European, and the sigmoid notch is shallower. All these features are simian in character; that is to say, resemble similar features in the apes, though only to some extent, of course. The teeth of this skull do not seem to have been described. On the other hand, the cranial capacity is large (1,600 cubic centimetres),

¹ A couple of technical terms must be here explained. The part of the jawbone which, in the living subject, extends from the joint near the ear to the angle or corner of the jaw is known as the *ascending ramus*. At the top of this are two projections or horns of bone with a deep depression between them, the latter being known as the *sigmoid notch*.

larger indeed than that of an average modern European, though it is claimed that a cast of the interior of the brain-case shows that the brain was of a comparatively lowly status. It may be noted here that the cranial capacity of apes is not known ever to exceed 600 c.c.

The general appearance, then, of skulls of the Neanderthal type is distinctly brutal, and had no other prehistoric remains been discovered Neanderthal man might still have a distinguished place in the hypothetical scheme of human evolution. The fact that he has for some time been generally regarded as outside the line of human descent is due to a discovery made in 1888, when a skeleton was found in river gravel at Galley Hill, near Northfleet, Kent, along with numerous palæoliths and animal remains. It was first described by Mr. E. T. Newton, F.R.S., in 1895,¹ and had a very disconcerting effect on current evolutionary theories.

The first impression on examining the remains of this earliest known inhabitant of England [writes Professor Keith²] is one of surprise, almost of disappointment: in all his features, with a few exceptions, he is so modern in build that we might meet him on the streets of London to-day and pass him unnoticed.

The skull, in particular, "does not differ essentially from its modern European counterparts." (Duckworth.) In fact, again to quote Dr. Duckworth, "the theory of evolution had received a tremendous blow." It was clear that at the very time when the low Neanderthal type existed, there also flourished a type of man practically identical with man of to-day. That the Galley Hill man was not an isolated specimen was proved by further finds of similar crania of the like antiquity on the Continent, notably at Brünn and Combe-Capelle. Neanderthal man is now usually looked upon as a degenerate type, existing contemporaneously with the comparatively modern Galley Hill type.

Such then, broadly speaking, was the state of archæological knowledge in 1907. A relatively large number of other remains had been found, but all fell essentially under one of these two types, with one exception—*Pithecanthropus erectus*—which will be dealt with later. In 1907, however, Dr. Otto Schëtensack, of Heidelberg University, discovered in the sandpit of Mauer, near Heidelberg, a large jawbone (or

¹ *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, vol. li. p. 505.

² *Ancient Types of Man*, c. iv.

mandible). The ascending rami of this specimen are very massive, and the sigmoid notch very shallow. It gives one an impression of chinlessness, but according to Keith, this is due to the great development of the lower front teeth and alveolar. So far the jaw is distinctly simian. But the teeth are considered to establish the human origin of the mandible, being relatively small, with reduced canines, and within the range of the teeth of primitive races at the present day. The mandible was certainly more simian in appearance than even the massive Neanderthal jawbones, and its antiquity is greater than theirs, though there is still a question as to whether it should be dated back beyond the *pelistocene* era. It is the opinion of Professor Keith and others that it belonged to an early representative of the Neanderthal race.¹ From the character of such a mandible, a great many deductions can be drawn as to the cranium to which it belonged, and consequently as to the man who owned both. Professor Keith's words are worth quoting:

The earliest trace of the skeleton of man yet found in Europe must be assigned to a period which carries us back many hundred thousands of years. Yet even at that early date we find man already evolved, brutish perhaps in appearance, savage no doubt in his nature, yet large-brained, erect in posture, and in every sense of the biologist—a man.²

These words were written in 1911, before the discovery of the Piltdown remains, which, we believe, prove that man at that early period was not necessarily brutish in appearance, or even, perhaps, savage in nature. To these remarkable fragments we now turn our attention.

The circumstances of their discovery make one wonder how much valuable material for writing "prehistory" is being destroyed every week. We take our account from the paper read in December, 1912, to the Geological Society.³ Several years ago, Mr. Charles Dawson was walking along a farm-road close to Piltdown Common, Fletching (Sussex), not far from Lewes, when his interest was aroused by some peculiar brown flints which had been used to repair the road,

¹ Professor Gorjanović-Kramberger has examined a few modern Eskimo jaws, and has found that they exceed in massiveness all known fossil jaws, except the Mauer. Perhaps, as Father Frank, S.J., suggests, if he had examined, say, a hundred Eskimo mandibles, he would have found one to match the Mauer jaw itself.

² *Op. cit.* c. ix. p. 93.

³ *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, vol. lxix. p. 117–447.

and he examined the gravel-pit from which they had been taken. The two labourers digging there had noticed nothing in the way of fossils up to that time, but on a subsequent visit one of the men handed him a piece of bone, which he recognized as a fragment of a human skull. Some years later, in the autumn of 1911, Mr. Dawson again visited the gravel-pit, and had the good fortune to pick up another and larger piece of bone, including a portion of the left supra-orbital ridge. It seemed to him that these fragments were similar to the famous Mauer mandible, and he accordingly took them to Dr. A. Smith Woodward of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, who, impressed by the importance of the discovery, joined Mr. Dawson in a systematic investigation of the gravel-bed. Further fragments came to light, and, most important of these, Mr. Dawson found, at a spot which he believes to be the place where the labourers were working at his first visit, the right half of a jawbone. Amongst other fragments were the cusp of the molar of a mastodon, and some flint implements, one being found *in situ* by Father P. Teilhard, S.J., who also discovered part of a tooth of a pliocene elephant.

We now possess, in addition to the jawbone,

four pieces (reconstructed from nine fragments) sufficiently well preserved to exhibit the shape and natural relations of the frontal, occipital and temporal bones, and to justify the reconstruction of some other elements by inference. (Woodward.)

Before considering the remains in detail, it should be noted that they are, in all probability, of much the same date as the Mauer mandible, viz., early pleistocene or, according to some, even pliocene. Mr. Dawson, at the meeting referred to, attributed them to the first half of the Pleistocene Epoch, but, in the subsequent discussion, Professor Keith said that in his opinion they and the Mauer mandible dated back to pliocene times. The question is still an open one, but for our present purpose comparatively immaterial. In any case, the Piltdown remains, along with or perhaps even apart from the Mauer jaw, are the very oldest human fossils known to us.

Great then is the importance of the question they suggest —What bearing has their discovery on the evolutionary hypothesis? Do they, or do they not, show traces of simian affinity? To begin with what is undisputed, the forepart of the skull shows nothing of the kind. It is far less simian

than the Neanderthal skulls. It has no prominent or thickened supra-orbital ridges, less even than the Galley Hill skull. The forehead is high and well-shaped. So far the skull, by common consent, is quite modern in type. Dr. Woodward, however, claimed at the Geological Society's meeting, that the back of the skull was low and broad, and distinctly reminiscent of the ape. Furthermore, according to his reconstruction of the skull, the cranial capacity was only about 1070 c.c.—much less than that of the crania from Spy and la Chapelle-aux-Saints (1,600 c.c.) This certainly was an anomaly; here was an individual of a far higher frontal development than the Neanderthal type, yet having a far lower cranial capacity. It certainly set one wondering whether something had not gone wrong in the process of reconstruction, and Professor Keith's statement to that effect, delivered in his lecture to the International Medical Congress was not altogether a surprise. He exhibited an alternative reconstruction of the skull which had been made at the Royal College of Surgeons, giving a cranial capacity of no less than 1,500 c.c., well up to the modern average. He pointed out the errors which he considered Dr. Woodward had made, and confirmed an impression which existed both in England and abroad that the treatment of the skull at South Kensington had been unsatisfactory and unscientific. (A congress of German scientists had already censured British anthropologists on account of it.) Dr. Woodward replied to this criticism at the British Association meeting last September. While admitting that certain small errors had been made in setting up the skull, he asserted that the necessary corrections, owing to compensations elsewhere, left the brain-capacity nearly the same as before. So at the time of writing the matter rests, but clearly the question is by no means settled. Professor Keith's criticism imputed much more serious error than Dr. Woodward admits, and the public, to whom Dr. Woodward's reconstruction is exhibited at South Kensington, has a right to a much more reliable assurance of its accuracy. Some independent authorities should be called in to decide between the rival experts, the archæologist and the anatomist. In the meantime, the mere layman must suspend his judgment, though he cannot be blamed if, considering the forepart of the skull, he argues from analogy to the correctness of the opinion of so distinguished an authority as Keith, and inclines to believe that the Piltdown

individual possessed a cranium of as modern a type as his own.

The Piltdown mandible presents a difficulty of its own. Put briefly, it is this—the piece of jawbone is thoroughly simian, though Dr. Woodward believes that the molar teeth are at least semi-human: whereas the cranium is undoubtedly human. This difficulty cannot be avoided by the simple plan of imagining an individual possessing a human head, save for an ape-like jaw. The objection to such a solution cannot be put in better words than those of Professor Waterston during the discussion after the meeting last December. He said it was difficult to believe that the cranium and the mandible could have come from the same individual. One of the temporal bones with the glenoid fossa was complete, and Dr. Woodward had pointed out how closely this bone and the fossa resembled corresponding parts in modern man. Now the configuration of the glenoid fossæ in man is such as to adapt them for articulation with a human jaw, not with a simian jaw; if the Piltdown jaw had formed part of the skull, it is precisely in the temporal bone that one would have anticipated some variation in structure from present-day conditions. In short, we may say the bones of the cranium and the jawbone absolutely contradict one another. No wonder, then, that Sir Ray Lankester and others have doubted whether they belonged to the same individual.

Dr. Woodward has replied to this, that the molar teeth are typically human. But in his original paper, he himself admitted that they are reminiscent of the ape in their narrowness, fifth cusp and surface-inclination. Further, he mentioned at the British Association that Fr. Teilhard had lately found one of the canine teeth, and that it is "thoroughly ape-like, and worked upon the upper canine in true ape-fashion."¹ How he reconciles this with the statement that the surface of the molars proves the mastication to have been human, it is difficult to see: for it is precisely the part played by the canine teeth that differentiates simian from human mastication. Here again, then, there is a question still to be solved. Did the Piltdown mandible and the Piltdown cranium belong to the same individual? It is extremely doubtful. Until these two vital questions, one as to the cranial reconstruction, the other as to the correlationship of

¹ In the more or less contemporary Mauer jaw, the canines are reduced to the level of the neighbouring teeth, as in ourselves.

cranium and mandible are settled (say, by some expert verdict in the first case, and by further discoveries in the second), the value of the Piltdown skull as evidence rests on the high type of forehead it proves to have existed at the earliest period of the human race known to us.

We have left ourselves very little space to treat of *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, though that is less to be regretted as few (if any) anthropologists would now contend that it was in the line of human evolution. The remains consist of the top of a skull (too small for an average man, too large for an average ape), a thigh-bone, three teeth, and part of a lower jaw (the last never having been described, curiously enough). Scientists are in no agreement as to the human or simian origin of these relics, and they have for some time been relegated to a side-branch of the evolutionary stem. The discovery of the Piltdown remains seems likely to put *Pithecanthropus* still further into the shade, and we do not intend to deal further with it here.

We have now fulfilled our purpose of estimating the evidential value of the Piltdown fragments. At present that value is small, owing to the anomalies to which attention has been called. But the skull at least serves to prove that there was nothing at all simian about the forehead of the earliest individual known to us, while we have seen reason to believe that the cranial capacity was as high as that of a modern European, and to doubt very gravely whether the jaw has any true connection with the cranium. In short, the remains, far from corroborating the evolutionary hypothesis, raise fresh difficulties in the way of its acceptance.

LEWIS WATT.

*Adventures in Journalism.*¹

FOR a young man with good nerves, a quick pen, and a sense of humour, journalism is one of the best games in the world.

It is true that he is despised among men. He is insulted, as a matter of course, by the politicians whose ungrammatical speeches he reports with some knowledge of grammar. In private life he is looked down upon by his own friends, who refer to him as "one of those reporter fellows, don't you know?" and are afraid, needlessly, that he will publish their conversation in the papers and blab the secrets of their hearths and homes. He has no security of tenure, he is liable to be flung out like an old boot if he makes a mistake or loses the favour of his editor, he is called upon at any hour of the day or night for service of a dangerous, or ridiculous, or exhausting character, but as a "special correspondent" he sees things worth seeing, he gets in to the middle of contemporary history, and he comes to close grips with life itself. That is what makes the game worth the candle.

It is curious how little the public knows about the private life of the journalist. While he is advertising heroes in advance, boosting up the little great men, and reporting the extraordinary happenings of a funny old world, he hides himself behind his own pen and says nothing about his own experiences. Yet the way in which he obtained his news is often more interesting than the news itself, for as I once remarked, in an indiscreet book, he dwells in *The Street of Adventure*.

When a man props his morning newspaper up against the milk-jug on the breakfast table—if his wife will let him—I suppose he often finds it a rather dull production. Yet it is never dull to me, for I see behind the columns of print the faces of my comrades up and down the world, and I read behind the record of events the unwritten tales of their search for facts—how perhaps they had a wild motor-ride by night

¹ From a lecture delivered to the Catholic Women's League.

to a country telegraph office ; how they stood for hours in the drenching rain, without shelter or food, by the pit-brow of a colliery where living men are entombed ; how, to get the exclusive publication of an important piece of news, they put the Acts of the Apostles on to the only telegraph wire to hold it against all competitors, how they wrote a brilliant descriptive article, or, at least, an article, after three sleepless nights in a city of revolt.

The journalist does not have to go far in search of adventure. It is waiting for him round the corner. He is summoned to it by the tinkle of a telephone which calls him from his beauty sleep, or from a birthday party, or from the funeral of his maiden aunt.

It was from well-earned slumber that I was awakened early one morning by an agitated telephone to which I staggered down in my pyjamas.

"Hulloa ! Is that you?"—"Yes"—"Well there's a battle in Sidney Street, Whitechapel. You had better get along."

I did not hear quite clearly.

"A bottle in Sidney Street? What about it?"

"A battle. B for bat, a for ass—battle. Soldiers, guns, anarchists, Winston Churchill—a glorious mix-up!"

I took a taxi-cab to the scene of action and found myself in the midst of melodrama. Peter the Painter and the Hounds-ditch murderers were at bay in an empty house and defending themselves, against a battalion of police and many soldiers, with automatic pistols and an apparently unlimited supply of ammunition. Their bullets were ricocheting off the walls like jumping beans. At each end of the street six guardsmen were lying prone on sandwich boards taking pot-shots at the windows of the murderers' house. From the roof opposite other soldiers were firing at regular intervals. In the middle of the road a cinematograph operator was gaily winding the handle of his machine, and a crowd of East End Jews were having the time of their lives. It was better than a new piece at Drury Lane. But not without danger. I had not been there two minutes before a shot knocked the stick out of the hand of a man standing shoulder to shoulder with me. Another bullet whizzed past my ear and took a neat chip out of a policeman's helmet. After that the street was cleared and it cost me a sovereign to get a front row position on the roof of the *Rising Sun* public-house from which I watched the progress of the ludicrous and tragic

drama, when after eight hours the murderers fired their last shot and died in the blazing ruins of the house.

After this sensational business which directed public attention, very unpleasantly, upon the foreign population in London, I spent a week in Whitechapel, lodging with a Russian tailor next door to the ruined house in Sidney Street, in order to study the ways and customs of these aliens. It was a week of queer adventure. I spent two nights with the leading anarchists at their headquarters in a Russian hotel — they were rather suspicious and threatening until my guileless face reassured them—and had an interesting interview with the wife of their chief orator, who used the bathroom as her salon, owing to the crowds assembled in the other rooms. She was quite charming in her manner and discoursed to me on the gospel of intellectual anarchy with great eloquence. In the company of an intelligent young thief I visited the haunts of Peter the Painter, went into Jewish gambling dens, lunched at "Kosher" restaurants, and went into the night clubs of the East End aliens. I explored the houses of dreadful poverty in which the poor sweated Jews hide their misery. I went into the great cigarette factories, and the private tailoring houses, where exiles from Russia and fugitives from Siberia — many of them men of education and women of refinement—earn a miserable wage in horrible conditions, and I made many friends among the children of the abyss who obey the laws of England while dreaming of a universal revolution.

As I have said, there is always an adventure round the corner for the journalist with his eyes open, and the life of London is a great drama in which the queerest characters and the strangest scenes are to be found. From my notes and memories I have taken a few experiences out of hundreds of my own which are typical of a journalist's average week—the trivialities of his profession, yet amusing and fantastic.

On the first day of the week, for example, I took tea with a Persian prophet in Mayfair. He had come over to London, as the guest of a philanthropic lady, with a religion as yet unknown in a city which specializes in all varieties of religion. His father and grandfather had lost their heads as the founders of this new sect, and my man himself had been imprisoned for many years in a nasty place called the "Fortress of Dreadful Death." He was a handsome old gentleman, dressed in a long white robe, and he was surrounded by

fashionable English ladies who waited, with reverential eyes, for the words of wisdom which might fall from his lips. In the corner of the room sat an interpreter waiting for the same happy moment. Twenty minutes passed before the prophet spoke, and then the interpreter interpreted these words:

"London is a very large city. . . . It is more silent than a Persian village. . . . The ladies of London have eyes like stars. . . . Their lips are like rose-petals on newly fallen snow. . . . I should like to live in London all my life."

On the following day I found myself swinging in a bucket above Trafalgar Square. After saying how d' you do to Nelson in his column I was lowered gently and steadily to the bowels of the earth. After the bump at the bottom I was put into an iron bottle closed at each end, and through an aperture at one end compressed air was pumped upon me until my ear-drums were pierced with a terrible pain, and my head seemed to swell to the size of a balloon. Then one end of the bottle was opened and I was dragged into the deep-level sewer which was being built from St. James' Park to Barking. I went among the earth-men who were stripped to the waist and caked in clay. Then I sat on a small trolley above a live rail, with electric sparks dancing about me on either side, and went for a long ride through what seemed to my disordered imagination like the infernal regions.

My next engagement was a pleasant trip into the country to interview a distinguished old gentleman who had been to school with the author of *Tom Brown's School-days*, and who was celebrating his 100th birthday. After a long motor drive I was shown into his study, and explained my mission. But he was very deaf and kept repeating with old-world courtesy the words: "How kind it is of you to come all this way to sing at my concert to-night!" I explained to him in a stentorian voice that I had not come to sing at his concert, but he thanked me again, most warmly. Then he led me into the drawing-room and said to his dear old wife, "This young gentleman has come to sing at our concert to-night, my dear. Isn't it kind of him?" The charming old lady, who was stone deaf, clasped my hand and said, "We are both so grateful to you for coming to sing at the concert to-night!" After many futile efforts to explain my position, and with renewed thanks from both old people, I took my leave, and searched round the house for the driver of my hired car. I found him

in the servants' kitchen, and he was annoyed at this interruption. "Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but I thought you were going to sing at the concert to-night!"

Among my engagements for the next day was an interview with the late "General" Booth, for whom I had a personal admiration. But I was highly embarrassed when after some discourse on the responsibility of journalism the old gentleman seized my arm with his claw-like hand, dragged me to my knees and said, "Let us pray for the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*." To pray for the man who pays one's wages seems like a slur upon his moral character (though I admit that this is not according to the Scriptures) and I regret that it had no effect upon my salary.

After that I went upon strike duty and did not take off my boots for several nights. It was in Liverpool, which at that time was cut off from the outer world by rail and sea, owing to the most severe industrial conflict in modern England. For six weeks not a bale of goods had been unloaded from the crowd of great craft at the docks. Not an ounce of food was coming into the city by land on account of the strike of railwaymen and transport workers. An immense number of carcases was going bad in the cold storage, as the men had abandoned the refrigerating machines. Not a wheel turned in the city. The scavengers had not cleaned the gutters or the streets for weeks, so that pestilential smells pounced out upon one like spectres of plague, and refuse was rotting in the chief squares. In several quarters of the city there was a reign of terror, with looting of shops, tram-smashing, and constant attacks upon an out-numbered police. Soldiers were called out and shot three inoffensive citizens, but did not overawe the wild men. Night after night I went into the bad quarters and had to jump about like a cat on hot bricks to avoid the kidney stones and iron bolts which came hurtling out of dark, tunnel-like streets, to where little bodies of police and troops stood on duty. A lively time for journalists, who were taken for special constables by the strikers, and for strikers by the police, so that the peril of a bâton charge was as great as a sudden attack from street roughs!

But one incident which remains most vividly in my memory was the cleansing of one of the chief squares of Liverpool by a band of London correspondents with whom I had the honour to be. Sickened by the horrible stench we borrowed shovels and brooms, raked up the refuse and the

dead rats, and made six beautiful bonfires, to the shout of "Scab scavengers!" hurled at us by the mob. That is one of the most opprobrious names I have ever been called—and I have been called some!

Another strike reminiscence has its scene in Paris, to which I travelled, as a solitary passenger, in a milk-train from Calais driven by an amateur engine-driver who could not manage his brakes, so that I was almost jerked to death. The train was guarded by soldiers all the way, and Paris itself was like an armed camp with troops quartered in the stations, and cuirassiers patrolling the streets. M. Briand, the Prime Minister, who a few years before had organized the idea of a general strike, was challenged by his own weapon, and was in vulgar parlance "up against it." I was in the hurly-burly when the Gardes Republicains charged a mob of "terrassiers" who marched down from the working-men's quarters. I was the only journalist present in a mass gathering of strikers in the Old Riding School in the Rue St. Denis, afterwards charged by a squadron of cuirassiers who forced the crowd right through the plate-glass windows of the corner restaurant. I met the leaders of revolutionary labour, and interviewed M. Briand, who was the object of their deadly hate, and I saw Paris, "the city of light," plunged into funereal darkness when "King" Pataud issued his orders to the electricians.

Not long ago in Belfast I had another experience of a city of strife and both the honour and misfortune of being mistaken for Mr. Winston Churchill. It was on the day when he had arranged to speak at the Ulster Hall, and being a wise man as well as a brave one, didn't. After his speech on the Celtic Football Ground he motored at a rapid pace through the Nationalist quarters to the station where a special train was waiting for him, and after a day in which there had been some very ugly moments he breathed a sigh of relief when he was safely inside his carriage. Meanwhile, however, great crowds of Orangemen were expecting him to come back to tea at the Royal Avenue Hotel. They were waiting for the sight of his blue car. Now it happened that I also had a blue car and was going back to tea at the Royal Avenue Hotel. In the flickering twilight, in a big motor coat and a bowler hat, I looked as much like Mr. Winston Churchill as any other man in the same circumstances. It was my turn for an ugly moment, and it was due to the

Belfast police and a tall colleague who stands six feet three in his stockings that I was able to eat buttered toast regardless of my somewhat dishevelled appearance, while I wrote my record of the day's events and listened to the groans of the mob outside who still believed that the First Lord of the Admiralty was within earshot of their ugly voices.

But I must not give the impression that a special correspondent spends his days exclusively among strikers and revolutionaries, anarchists and aliens. On the contrary, for many months of the year he leads the Gay Life, with eighteen-pence in his pocket, mixes with high society, as a looker-on in the world of luxury, and rubs shoulders with Royalty itself, which is unaware of the outrage.

In Ireland I was introduced by Lord Plunkett to many beauties of the Punchestown Race-course, and fell in love, hopelessly, with every one of them. In Bulgaria I walked arm in arm with King Ferdinand under the gaze of his general staff, who expelled me from the country next day as an undesirable alien. (After a deal of hardship I got back again.) In England, and in an ancient silk hat, I once had the honour of walking in a Royal procession to the strains of the National Anthem.

I must confess the honour was not thrust upon me, for stepping over a red rope, behind which I should have stayed, while a cordon of police cut off M. Pichon, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, whom they mistook for a spectator from Soho, I joined a little party including King Edward, Queen Alexandra, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the President of the French Republic, and several other illustrious personages. The detective in charge of the party was responsible for twelve people—and, in the absence of M. Pichon, I made the twelfth man.

I had often seen Royal processions from the crowd. Now I saw the crowd from a Royal procession, and heard their acclaiming shouts, and saw thousands of staring eyes like one big eye, and was snap-shotted by innumerable cameras and cinematographs. When I went back to my office the news-editor was an astonished man, for he had scores of photographs of his special correspondent, walking with weak knees, and a haughty upper lip, within a yard of Majesty.

By a curious fluke I and one of my colleagues were the first men outside Buckingham Palace to hear of the death of King Edward. Having stood all day outside the Palace

describing the emotional crowds waiting for the latest bulletins, I had gone back to the office at nine o'clock with an assurance from Lord Knollys that no other bulletin would be issued that night and that there need be no anxiety until the morning. But the editor was anxious, and with my colleague I was sent back to the Palace to spend the night there. It was after eleven when we chartered a four-wheeled cab, and by gracious permission of the sentries brought it within the palace gates, while a crowd of motor-cars with ladies of quality, and of musical comedy, kept their night vigil outside. My friend, who is a philosopher, took off his boots in the cab, preparing to settle down for the night, and I took a few last whiffs of a cigarette in the quadrangle.

Presently I saw a carriage come very quietly through one of the courtyards. As it passed the light from a standard lamp was flung through the windows and I saw the white faces and the sad eyes of those whom I knew as the Prince and Princess of Wales. The thought came to me instantly that something had happened. I put my head through the window of my cab and whispered to my friend. He scrambled on his boots and together we went up to the equerries' entrance of the Palace. Inside a gentleman in evening dress was standing before the fireplace and in answer to a question he turned slightly and looked up at the clock, and said,

"Sir, His Majesty King Edward died a few minutes ago."

I hurried round to the Buckingham Palace Hotel, telephoned to the office, and by the time I had reached Fleet Street, a special edition announcing the death of the King had been printed. It was more than an hour later before the official bulletin was posted outside the Palace gates.

After the ever-memorable funeral of King Edward, which I saw from the organ loft of St. George's Chapel, it was my privilege to describe the glory of King George's Coronation. But as far as I was concerned it was marred by a little tragedy. We had to be in our places at six o'clock in the morning and the ceremony was not concluded until three o'clock. I had therefore taken the precaution of bringing a little light refreshment, done up in tissue paper, and placed very carefully on the parapet of the clerestory, from which I gazed upon the scene. Imagine, therefore, my consternation when I returned from another point of view and could not discover the packet! In an awful voice I whispered to my neighbours,

"Who has pinched my sandwiches?"

But no satisfactory answer was given to me, and it was half-past nine that night, after writing four columns of description, with a splitting headache, that I had my first meal since early dawn.

Another Royal episode in my journalistic career was when I waited for a month in the Hague for the birth of a princess and announced the joyous tidings to the Dutch people as I ran out of the old palace at five o'clock one morning, after many sleepless nights on Louis XV. chairs (I give you my word you can't sleep on a Louis Quinze chair!), a boxing match with an English colleague in the *salon* of the Court Chamberlain, and a false alarm when the officers of the guard had come out with waving swords and hoarse cheers.

Among my foreign-going trips there stands out in my memory the story of how Dr. Cook discovered the North Pole, and of how I discovered Dr. Cook. It was late one night when the editor told me that a man named Cook had found the Pole and was expected to arrive at Copenhagen in a couple of days. Would I go and interview the gentleman?

I had no objection, and set off on a wild-goose chase to find a man I had never heard of before, in a place to which I had never been. Unfortunately, also, my rivals in the Street of Adventure had had a twenty-four hours' start of me. When I arrived in Copenhagen I was weary, dirty, and bewildered. Where should I go and what should I do? Desiring a cup of strong coffee to clear what I am pleased to call my brain, I turned into a little coffee house, and by good luck found a Danish waiter who could speak a little English.

"Do you know anything about a man named Cook?" I asked.

"Do you mean the great explorer who has found the North Pole? . . . He was expected to land to-day, but there's a fog in the Cattegat and he is far away beyond Elsinore."

Shortly after these illuminating words, a beautiful woman, dressed from head to foot in white furs, came into the *café*, and all heads turned towards her.

My waiter came up again, with excited eyes, and whispered to me:

"That's Mrs. Rasmussen!"

"Indeed," I said, "and who is Mrs. Rasmussen?"

He was shocked at my ignorance. He explained to me that Mrs. Rasmussen was the wife of the greatest Danish explorer, the very man who had last said good-bye to Cook when he went on his way to the Pole from South Greenland.

It was good enough. Dirty as I was I made my bow to Mrs. Rasmussen, spoke to her in French, German and English—she knew a little of each—implered her to take pity on me, and expressed my ardent desire to meet her husband's friend, the famous Dr. Cook.

"I wish to meet him too," said the beautiful lady. "I should like to be the first to shake him by the hand."

"Then," said I very boldly, "let us go together!"

We went, and it seemed a fantastic but delightful nightmare, when I found myself driving at midnight, across the moonlit roads of Denmark, with the lovely lady in white furs. As she knew the Director of the Danish Greenland Company, who was putting out in a tug to meet Cook's ship as soon as the fog cleared, I was wise enough to know my luck.

But after a long night drive, fate played one of its freakish tricks, and for reasons which I need not explain, the lady was left behind, and I, the English journalist, found myself (without an overcoat, alas!) on a lightship in the cold fog of the Cattegat, with a heavy sea running. After a horrible night dawn broke, and far away through the haze I saw a tiny ship with little fluttering flags. It was the *Hans-Egede*—bringing the hero home.

Some hours later I boarded her, saw a tall man in furs surrounded by Arctic seamen and Eskimos, and, remembering the famous meeting between Stanley and Livingstone, said,

"Dr. Cook, I believe?"

"You've got it in one," he said, "and who may you be?"

We became very friendly, and I was filled with admiration for this blue-eyed man with tousled hair, who claimed the great prize of Polar exploration. But in his cabin, where we sat together, an extraordinary suspicion took possession of me. The man had fear in those blue eyes of his. Some of my guileless questions startled him. One of them angered him furiously. He sprang up fiercely and said,

"You believed Sverdrup. You believed Nansen. Why don't you believe me?"

I had believed him, but now it occurred to me that there was some reason to disbelieve him. I followed up my questions with many others. I pinned him down to definite

statements which might afterwards be analyzed. I elicited the extraordinary admission that the man had no diary, no note-books, none of his observations, not a scrap of paper with scientific evidence by which to prove his claim. When I landed in Copenhagen all my rivals from Fleet Street were waiting for the "hero," he was received by the King and the Crown Prince, he was crowned with roses, and led in triumphal progress through the streets, but meanwhile I had sent seven columns to a London newspaper—*The Daily Chronicle*—containing startling facts and admissions and a grave indictment.

The story of the two weeks in which alone among all the pressmen—by a happy fluke—I denounced the man who was receiving the highest honours of hero-worship, and in which I caught him in the toils of circumstantial evidence, is too long to tell, and wearisome so long after the event.

But for a brief period in my career—just those two weeks—I was a famous man, and enjoyed the glory of fame. That is to say I was called a scoundrel and a liar by all the Danish papers, was pointed at with threatening gestures in public restaurants, and was jeered at in the streets. One day the *Politiken*, which is the leading Danish newspaper, announced that Dr. Norman Hansen, a romantic and celebrated Dane, who had constituted himself Cook's champion, had challenged me to a duel. This was more than I had bargained for, and I gave instructions to the hall-porter of my hotel that I was not at home to any fiery-looking fellow who might call with a visiting card!

Yet that was not my most nervous moment in Copenhagen. My greatest fright was when, in the grease-stained evening dress of my little waiter friend, I ascended the marble staircase of the Tivoli restaurant, to attend a great banquet in honour of Cook, and was received by a salute of flashing swords wielded by young ladies of the ballet in the costume of English life-guardsmen. It was indeed a terrible moment.

My experiences as a war correspondent in the Balkans have been told so fully in my book, *Adventures of War with the Cross and the Crescent* (in which I collaborated with Mr. Bernard Grant) that I need not repeat them here. Like the other correspondents, I saw very little of the actual fighting—only the siege of Adrianople in the first phase of the war—but I saw more than enough of the blood and horror and destruction in the wake of the armies—the burning vil-

laces, the ruined homesteads, the interminable trail of dead and wounded from Kirk Kilisse and Lule Burgas and Adrianople itself, the ragged regiments of Turkish prisoners, exhausted with famine and plague, the bloody mess in the back-kitchen of war. I knew the meaning of thirst so that I had to drink from a river in which dead bodies had been floating. I was really hungry at times, so that I clung to a piece of mouldy cheese as a precious treasure. I was arrested as a spy at Belgrade, and several times as a war-correspondent in Mustafa Pasha (where they did not like war-correspondents!), I was attacked by wolf-like dogs in Turkish villages; I lay with my head on the same pillow (my travelling bag) with a hairy savage who had a nasty knife in his belt (and wild animals in his sheep-skin coat), and I saw pictures of tragedy which have stamped themselves into my brain so that they come to me again in dreams.

Here then are a few of my adventures in journalism. They are all quite trivial compared with the adventures of scores of my friends who are famous in Fleet Street and in many other streets of life up and down the world. These men have seen a hundred times as much as I have seen, they have done a thousand things which I shall never have the luck to do. Their memory is stored with reminiscences which are more fantastic than fairy-tales, and more thrilling than melodrama. But as one of the younger men in "The Street of Adventure" I have ventured to give a few glimpses of the kind of life which falls to the lot of the special correspondent in the latest school of journalism. It is a queer, exciting, futile kind of life, not without fun, not without occasional compensations for the folly and fatigue that are parts of it, not even, at its best, without a touch of spiritual pride on the part of men who will risk their health and life for the sake of "the rag," but, on the whole ill-paid and ill-rewarded and of uncertain luck. Yet there is a microbe in Fleet Street which gets into the blood of a man and keeps him restless, so that he seldom gives up the game until he gives up the ghost. In his heart there is the song of the wandering men which Kipling has sung:

For to admire, and for to see,
For to be'old the world so wide,
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it, if I tried !

PHILIP GIBBS.

Presbyterian Union in Scotland.

THE history of Scottish Presbyterianism has entered on an interesting phase. Rather more than two centuries ago, with the accession of William and Mary, the long struggle between Episcopalianism and Presbyterianism for the privileged position of an Established Church north of the Tweed, was finally decided in favour of the latter. An Act of Parliament of 1690 gave legal force to the mode of settlement on which the mass of the people were determined, the leading features of this settlement being that the ecclesiastical government should be Presbyterian in its character, with kirk-sessions, presbyteries, synods, and a general assembly meeting in the spring of each year, as the constituent factors in its governing body; and that the Westminster Confession, with its uncompromising affirmation of Predestinarianism, should be its fundamental doctrinal formula. A supplementary Act of 1693 "for settling the quiet and peace of the Church," in other words, for making easy the path of readmission for the ousted Episcopalian ministers, fixed the formula of subscription for all who in future should seek admission to the ranks of the national ministry. This formula of subscription, which in its substance has subsisted to the present day, besides accepting the Presbyterian form of Church government and promising uniformity in worship, has the following doctrinal clause: "I declare the Confession of Faith approved by former General Assemblies of this Church, and ratified by law in the year 1690, to be the confession of my faith, and I own the doctrine therein contained to be the true doctrine which I will constantly adhere to." Four years later the "Barrier Act," whilst providing that "the Confession of Faith and Presbyterian Government shall continue without any alteration in this land in all succeeding ages," sought to "prevent even such changes of minor importance as the course of time might seem to require" from being introduced with insufficient consideration, and so enacted that any future Act of Parliament "to be binding on the Church must first come before the General Assembly as an overture, and thence be transmitted to the Presbyteries."

Such is the legal foundation on which the established form of Scottish Presbyterianism rests to this day, and on this basis, except for the few Catholics who were mostly in certain Highland districts and whose number was practically confined to a few of the Highland clans and the small body of outstanding Episcopalian, the Scottish people were, for the time being, united in their religious aspect. Quickly, however, after the accomplishment of this union, did the separative tendency, so inextricable from all human settlements, begin to manifest itself. The Scottish Church, though its ministers have always shown a very creditable dislike for lay intervention in spiritual matters, is, from the circumstances of its origin and constitution, the creation of the State just as much as the Established Church of England; and State supremacy means essentially a supremacy in the exercise of which lay interests preponderate over clerical. Accordingly as early as 1712 another Act of Parliament, this time of the United Kingdom, restored to the lay patrons the right of presentation to certain of the parochial benefices. It was a sad blow to the clergy, and caused their cleavage into two parties, the Moderates and the Evangelicals, the former of whom were prepared to tolerate, the latter to resist, a system which both of them disliked. By 1733 this dissension led to the schism of Ebenezer Erskine and his adherents, who formed themselves into the Associated Presbytery, and were commonly called the Seceders; and these shortly afterwards sub-divided into the Burghers and anti-Burghers, over the question of the lawfulness of taking the Oath of Allegiance required of the Burghers of Edinburgh and other cities.

Twenty years later, that is in 1752, another secession from the main body, likewise on this ground of opposition to lay patronage, led to the formation of the Presbytery of Relief. The Burghers and anti-Burghers, however, reunited again in 1820, and in 1847 further coalesced with the Presbytery of Relief, the result being a community which became known as the United Presbyterians. On the other hand in the first half of the nineteenth century another crisis was provoked in the Established Church by a recrudescence on the part of the lay-patrons of the exercise of their right of presentation, a right which they had allowed to fall somewhat into abeyance. The General Assembly in 1833 had passed a Veto Act authorizing congregations to reject the presentee of the lay-patron, if in any case he were personally distasteful to

them. The validity of this Veto Act was brought to the test by the Auchterarder case, in which a presentee, thus rejected by his congregation, appealed to the civil courts and obtained a recognition of his claim. As the Moderates in the Assembly of 1843 were prepared to tolerate even this, an immense secession, under the leadership of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, took away from the Established Church more than a third of its clergy with their adherents. This event is known as the Disruption, and the Disruption Church was called the Free Church.

This is the severest blow Scottish Presbyterianism has experienced, but it is also the last. As has been said, shortly after the Disruption the reunion took place which created the United Presbyterians, and the other day, in the first year of the present century, was accomplished the much more important union between these United Presbyterians and the Free Church. Our readers will recollect the sensation caused when the "Wee Free," that is, the comparatively small fraction of the Free Church which stood out against this latter reunion, claimed for themselves, as the sole observers of the original title-deeds of their Church, the whole of its endowments, and, moreover, obtained on appeal a recognition of their claim by a judgment of the House of Lords. However, Mr. Balfour's Act of 1905 overrode this judgment, and enforced a division of the funds *pro rata*, according to the number of the parishes on either side. Thus was constituted the United Free Church, as it has since been called.

One can understand that the spectacle of a reunion thus successfully consummated between two religious bodies for long estranged should have suggested the possibility of carrying the movement for reconciliation further still. Why should not this United Free Church be reconciled with the Established Church, all the more as, by an Act of the Parliament of 1874, the right of lay patronage, which had been the original cause of their separation, had been altogether abolished? And for the last few years negotiations have been going on between representatives of the two sides with such encouraging results that at the General Assemblies of the two Churches, held this year simultaneously, each Church passed a unanimous vote in favour of fusion. This is not final, for a constitution has to be framed, and accepted, not only by the General Assemblies but by the majority of the Presbyteries of both Churches, before the final act can close the schism. Still it means that

an atmosphere favourable to the settlement of these matters of detail has been generated, and that in itself is an appreciable advance towards reconciliation. No wonder, then, that the hearts of those affected were deeply moved. Nor can we who look on from the outside—with the consciousness that it is a question of blending communions, both of which are indeed without part in the great Church of the ages, but both of which comprise many earnest minds who are with us at least in the desire to be faithful to Christ's teaching—regard such a consummation otherwise than with a true sympathy, witnessing as it does, and giving encouragement, to the growing sense among the heirs of the Reformation movement, that religious division is a scandal which all true followers of Christ should strive their utmost to remove.

At the same time it is impossible to read the discussions held last May in the General Assemblies of the two Churches thus anxious to coalesce, without perceiving that the framing of a constitution which will satisfy both sides is likely to prove a very difficult matter. Each side is cordial in its recognition of the frankness with which it has been met by the other, and the manifestations of fraternal feeling on both sides are striking. There is, however, a variance of opinion on a point which they unite in considering essential, and the question is whether this can be effectually arranged for. It is not so much, indeed it is not at all, a question of compromise in which each side is prepared to concede something to the other; it is rather a question of the United Free Church laying down conditions which, if there is to be union, the Established Church must accept; and of the Established Church declaring its readiness to concede a great deal, not from motives of conviction but out of regard for the sentiments of the United Free Church, and yet unable to concede the whole without incurring the most far-reaching sacrifices.

Three points [said Dr. Wallace Williamson, Moderator of the Established Church and leader of the enthusiasts for reunion]¹ stand out in this great work in which we are engaged. The question of the spiritual freedom of the Church within its own proper spiritual domain—that is the first and the most vital. The second, hardly less vital to us as loyal ministers of the Church of Scotland, is the question of the national recognition of re-

¹ All quotations from the acts of the two Assemblies are taken from the reports in the *Scotsman*.

ligion—and the maintenance of the national character of the Church. And the third, the question of the ancient endowments of the Church.

By "spiritual freedom" they mean on both sides that the reunited Church shall not be liable to State intervention overruling any of its administrative acts—as by revising, as of superior right, its appointments to benefices, or its removal of offending or distasteful ministers, or its modifications or alterations of its constitutions, or its creed or formulas. By "national recognition of religion" the Church of Scotland means the privilege of establishment, as involving that the State recognizes the religion established to be the religion of the nation, with the right that its ministrations shall be those employed in all public acts of a religious nature. The question of the endowments possessed by the Church of Scotland comes in because, were that Church to apply to Parliament for statutory recognition of a new constitution, framed so as effectually to secure its spiritual freedom in the estimation even of the United Free Church, Parliament would probably claim to take from it all its endowments, as national property to the use of which it was no longer entitled.

One can imagine from this how difficult is the situation which confronts the reunionists. The Church of Scotland—if we may take its mind as expressed by its Reunion Committee—fully accepts the position that spiritual freedom is essential, and is apparently ready to revise its constitution in a way satisfactory to the Free Church, and even to surrender its rich endowments should Parliament exact this as the condition for conceding to it spiritual liberty. Nevertheless, it is of opinion that, to quote again from Dr. Wallace Williamson's great speech on May 27th, it "can see a way by which full effect can be given to the ideals of our brethren on the other side in regard to the practical exercise of the inherent spiritual liberty of the Church, and also full effect at the same time to our own cherished idea of the national and representative character of the Church." This is the view taken by the Church of Scotland Committee, but it seems somewhat over-sanguine in anticipating that Parliament will concede so readily what they desire, nor does the United Free Church Committee appear to share their confidence in this respect—though, if Dr. Henderson's view is accepted by his brethren, the United Free Church would be prepared, should

the Established Church succeed in their application to Parliament, to receive them, as sufficiently emancipated from State servitude, into the Union.

This is how matters stand at present, but at the Assemblies both sides felt that, before they could go any further, they must have in their hands the full text of the proposed new constitution of the Church of Scotland. Accordingly they re-appointed their respective Committees, the one to prepare a draft of the new constitutions and the other to discuss with it the points in the draft submitted to them which its own Church would be likely to approve or reject, each Committee to report results to its Assembly next year.

Not then till next Spring, at the earliest, can we know for certain if the desired union of the two Churches is destined to come off. Meanwhile, if there are those, like Dr. Wallace Williamson and Dr. Henderson, who are confident it will, there are others, in both camps, who are much more sceptical, and these latter can point to tendencies which seem to justify them. Dr. Williamson and Dr. Henderson, though men of influence in their respective Churches, cannot speak in the name of these Churches, and it appears that the general body of those who constitute their membership take a very insufficient interest in this reunion question. Yet it is they, as represented by the Presbyteries, who, under the operation of the Barrier Act, will have to decide in the last resort whether there is to be reunion or not. Will then the Presbyteries of the Church of Scotland take the same generous view as Dr. Wallace Williamson and Dr. Henderson, who are confident endowments will not block progress along the path to reunion," or will they consider that the loss of their present endowments, a loss which would necessarily press more heavily on the struggling country ministers than on the ministers of rich town parishes, is a thing that cannot be tolerated? And on the other hand, what course in respect to these endowments will the Presbyterian laity take, seeing that they go indifferently to one kind of church or another, not finding any appreciable difference between them, but resent very much the demand on their purses to keep up two sets of Churches when one should be sufficient. These are the chief among the many cross-currents of opinion that prevail, and it is hard indeed for an outsider to predict what will be the ultimate effect of their interaction. And then there is another thing to be considered. Even if, by some corporate action, the

leaders of these Churches carry the cause of reunion safely through all its difficulties, will it be possible, in view of the unmitigated individualism which is becoming more and more the characteristic of these Churches of private judgment, to translate the union from an agreement between the leaders into a practical reality? The reunion between the Free Church and the United Presbyterians, indeed even the more remote reunion between the Secessionists and the Church of Relief, still have unpleasant experiences that attest the endurance of centrifugal tendencies. An illustration of this was afforded by a discussion held in the United Free Church Assembly of last May, which was reported in *The Scotsman* of May 26th. An effect of the recent union of the United Presbyterians with the Free Church to form the now United Free Church was the endeavour to amalgamate the congregations of these two Churches throughout Scotland, but this has not proved a very simple task. As the Rev. James Harvey, of Edinburgh, in submitting the Report of their General Interests Committee, stated:

During the year they had only been able to effect five unions, yet they had been trying to carry through union in a considerable number of other places. In some cases they had evidently failed, but in some cases they still nourished hope that union would be effected in a very short time: The first difficulty they had to contend with was sectional prejudice on the part of old Free Church or United Presbyterian congregations, or what they found still surviving from old United Presbyterian congregations, the old Relief prejudice, and the old Secession prejudice. They had found it sometimes more difficult to unite the former United Presbyterian congregations that represented their old sections, than to unite old Free Church and United Presbyterian congregations, and to his mind that was a standing argument than their Union of 1900 had been a much more radical and thorough-going one than even the Union of 1837 with regard to their United Presbyterian Church. There were forty good cases for union and readjustment which remained to be tackled by the General Interests Committee, cases where it would be for the consolidation of the Church's work and the sweetening of its life. They had brought about 111 unions, but they had at least forty before them.

To have brought about 111 unions may seem, and may be, a satisfactory achievement; but after hearing of this survival of sectional prejudices, one wonders if even these unions accomplished are destined to be stable.

But whatever may be the prospects of this present religious movement in Scotland, it is impossible to regard it as a reunion movement, in the sense of a return to St. Paul's ideal of Church Unity, in "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." It is at best an attempt to restore unity of government and communion; indeed it is an attempt to secure these, not with and through unity of faith, but rather over the grave of unity of faith.

On May 26th, at a meeting of the Free (not the United Free) Church, Professor John Macleod read the Claim of Right Report of that Church, in which came the following allusion to the negotiations for union between the two Churches of which we have been speaking:

If union should be brought about there could be no doubt that, in view of the unsatisfactory state of things in the United Free Church and in the present Establishment, the formula of subscription in the projected Church would be a Latitudinarian formula. It would pledge the office-bearers of the Church, if it pledged anything at all, to that most illusory thing, an undefined substance. They might take it that in the present state of theological flux there would be no attempt to secure fixity of doctrinal constitution. The absence of a subscription left the door open for the entrance into the pulpit of men who did not hold the faith. It was only by a general revival of spiritual religion and humble acceptance of the Old Testament Scriptures in the same sense in which our Lord and His Apostles accepted them, and as the Apostles intended that they should be accepted; it was only with such a state of things that there could be such a tone of public sentiment in the Church as would make it at all feasible that the Claim of Rights of the Church of the Disruption [that is, the contention for which the Disruption Church of 1843 fought] might be granted in the days to come.

These are the words of hostile critics, but they are refreshing in their clearness, and they do but state what in more obscure and guarded terms the two Moderators of the negotiating Churches acknowledged in their closing addresses. Thus Dr. Wallace Williamson, whilst complaining that "the note of spiritual urgency had largely disappeared from contemporary preaching," and estimating the influences to which this loss was due, thought that none had been more serious than "the note of uncertainty which had invaded it from the side of criticism." Consider the following passage:

Among other influences at work, none perhaps had more seriously affected the spiritual power of preaching in modern times than the note of uncertainty which had invaded it from the side of criticism. They had been passing through a period of transition, which he firmly believed would leave more gain than loss, and would issue in a clearer and healthier intellectual atmosphere; but the time had been long and trying, nor was it yet at an end. Indeed it was a vain illusion to hope for an end at all, if they meant by this that the imperative need should be no longer known to readjust their human opinions to increase of knowledge and clearer light, in the realm of divine truth. Should the Church refuse to face new problems, either on the intellectual or the moral side, there was nothing for her but intellectual atrophy and spiritual decay. It was futile to erect barricades against truth, and no encyclical which any mortal man could issue could stay its inevitable course. They must keep themselves awake to all new stirrings of the Spirit, and never be forgetful of the promise of our Lord, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth." It was this guiding of the Spirit which, he earnestly believed, especially marked so-called times of transition. Doubtless they were times of trial and testing. . . .

At least it was unquestionably clear that, apart from definite dogmatic pronouncements, there had often been a steady but almost unnoticed and unpremeditated departure from positions which the soul of the Church had imperceptibly but definitely rejected. In consequence, what might have seemed to one age an eternal principle gradually fell into abeyance, or took its place in a truer perspective. How otherwise could they explain the change in the general attitude of mind towards portentous systems which once dominated human thought and overawed the religious spirit? In the progress of the spiritual life they had been passed by, and men looked back upon them to behold only "frowning fortresses" long since "silently abandoned." He could not doubt that the critical transition would have a similar outcome, inasmuch as a saner attitude towards the Christian scriptures would be its gift to the Church of the future.

It was not, however, to be denied that in the meantime perplexity and unsettlement were among the immediate results. As a consequence there had been noticeable a growing vagueness and hesitancy in the assertion of spiritual truth. The literalism of a past age having become impossible, men had experienced serious difficulties in adapting themselves to new attitudes and changed points of view. The danger was perhaps similar to that incurred in the struggle with Pelagianism, and men were

tempted "to take a broad step backwards towards a naturalism superficially embellished with Christian terms, and devoid of some essential elements of Christian thought." Signs were not wanting that this had been one result of the critical agitation which had marked the present generation. He did not believe it to be a necessary result. The critical movement itself had been a real necessity, inevitable indeed, if the self-respect, not to say the intelligent faith, of the Church were to be maintained.

Dr. Williamson's words are embedded in a text which strives to make the best of an anxious situation, but this is how he was understood by the leader-writer in *The Scotsman* for May 31st:

The closing addresses of the Moderators were worthy of a great occasion. They were charged with a deep spirituality. But they also touched, with sense as well as fervour, on practical questions of the day, interesting not only to the Church, but to the world. In pleading to willing ears on behalf of the paramount claims of "the divine mission of the Church," Dr. Williamson was careful to point out that religion also must abide the test of its effects on the progress and betterment of mankind. . . . He sees, as does Dr. Iverach, part of the danger of the Church in a period of transition—a period of probing and questioning, and of rejecting as no longer tenable grounds of faith and belief which were at one time held to be of adamantine strength and security. It is a time when, in theology as in other departments of knowledge, what the Moderator of the United Free Church calls "fluid concepts" are taking the place of the "fixed, unchangeable terms" of the past.

Touching on the same critical theme, Dr. Williamson reminded the Church that "what seemed to one age an eternal principle gradually fell into abeyance, or took its place in a truer perspective." . . .

The Church has in previous ages experienced periods of perplexity and unrest like that which is at present unsettling many minds, and causing even preachers to "lose their bearings," and it will doubtless encounter others. But it has no reason to fear the ordeal so long as it is true to its duty. The lesson seems to be to avoid taking up too crudely dogmatic a position on the problems either of this life or of the next; and, as is illustrated by recent events in the history of the Scottish Churches, to avoid "the risk and danger to spiritual life of allowing ecclesiastical theory to take the place of manifest fact, and to raise admittedly secondary questions to the level of eternal principles of the faith."

The Churches may feel assured that they are on firm and safe ground in seeking to cultivate among themselves the spirit of unity and charity, and in abandoning the "unprofitable rivalries which dissipate their energies" at a time when there is special need of concentration—in putting an end to the scandal of a state of things of which it can be said that "where churches are most needed they are conspicuous by their absence, and where they are least needed, they are often too conspicuous by their presence."

It was not indeed to be expected that in gatherings at which the two Churches were negotiating for a reconciliation between themselves the note of underlying doctrinal division should be sounded over-loud, but if it were necessary to labour a point which is generally admitted, a reference to the papers and discussions of the Aberdeen meeting of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, held in the third week of June, only a few weeks after those of the Edinburgh Assemblies, will supply ample evidence of the extent to which modern Presbyterianism has departed from the doctrinal code of its former generations as embodied in the Westminster Confession adopted in 1690, and declared by the Barrier Act of 1694 to be "the Confession of Faith" that "shall continue without alteration in this land in all succeeding ages."

Dr. David James Burrell, the President of the Aberdeen gathering, is apparently an old-fashioned Evangelical, whose own creed is in conformity with the Westminster Confession, but his opening address of June 18th was a lamentation.

It is obvious [he said¹] that something is wrong. The attendance at many of our churches has fallen off. The bell rings and the people pass by. . . . Doves are not flocking to our windows as in former years; fewer showers of blessing, fewer conversions. And there is a lack of candidates for the ministry. . . . What is the difficulty and where shall we locate it? . . . There is nothing wrong with Christ. . . . Nor is there anything wrong with the Gospel. . . . Nor is there anything wrong with the constitution of the Church. . . . Many of its parishes have been derailed and the whole Church suffers by reason of it . . .

Are our seminaries at fault? It is an open secret that there are instructors in so-called "evangelical" schools of theology who are totally out of accord with the Evangel. What is to be

¹ *Aberdeen Free Press*, June 19th. All citations from this Conference are taken from that journal.

expected under such circumstances? If the teachers in our military academy at West Point in America were known to be disloyal to the Government and were nevertheless permitted to go on denying the fundamental principles of the Republic and instructing the cadets that patriotism is a 'lost art, would the young men of the country, think you, go flocking into the army? If it be true, as some of our theological teachers are saying, that there is no ultimate authority in the Word of God, and therefore no sufficient ground for believing that Christ was any better than a common man, what becomes of the call to the ministry? Othello's occupation's gone. No thoughtful youth could be expected to consecrate his life to a profession where there is nothing doing. If there is no sin and therefore no danger, no omnipotent Christ, and therefore no salvation, our vocation is reduced to nil and can offer no attractions to earnest young men.

The fact is that the Church has been largely diverted from the business in hand. The business is Evangelism, that is—the holding up of Christ and His Gospel for the salvation of sinful men. In many cases there has been a turning aside from the Evangel into the multitudinous forms of so-called "New Thought." Ring out the old, ring in the new! New Theology! New Ethics! Babism, Hinduism, Theosophy! Anything but the old-time religion! The Athenians are abroad in the land, "spending their time in nothing else but to hear or tell some new thing." The *zeitgeist*, or "spirit of the age" is exploited at the expense of the Spirit of God. Others have turned aside from the Evangel into the discussion of problems which properly belong to the kindergarten of faith, such as the personality of God, the Divinity of Christ, the power of the Cross and the reality of the Resurrection in which life and immortality are brought to light. The Apostle to the Hebrews spoke of "leaving the principles of the Gospel of Christ and going on unto perfection." But with many there are no such "principles," there are no axioms, no postulates. Everything is in the air.

Dr. Burrell was from New York City, and described directly the signs of the times in his own country, but the *Aberdeen Free Press*, in its leading article on June 21st, commenting on his address, and speaking from the standpoint of Scottish Presbyterianism, recognized that "the popular revolt against the Churches is as much a sign of the times in Great Britain as in America," and appeared to rejoice in it, ascribing it as mainly due "to the use of outworn formulæ that research and criticism have made ridiculous," in other words, to the attempts to insist on faithful adherence to the ancient standards of belief.

Dr. Curtis of Aberdeen was another who, at this Pan-Presbyterian gathering, bore testimony to the breaking away of multitudes of his co-religionists from the fetters of their former Confessional standards.

Presbyterianism was the mother of a brood of Confessions so numerous that she might be forgiven if, like another famous mother who lived in a shoe that pinched at times, she did not know what to do with her family. As Presbyterians, however, they had a special reason for discussing the value of Confessions. The elaborateness of their standards had made them peculiarly liable to disintegration by the hand of time. But to be dogmatic to-day about many particulars was to court correction and disrepute to-morrow. To form a true estimate of the value of Confessions of Faith they must acknowledge their service and their disservice impartially. They were landmarks of theological thought and learning. They reminded them that there were mass movements in doctrinal conviction not less than in spiritual experience, and they corrected a tendency moderns had to allow the fascination of single outstanding personalities to blind them to the slower evolutions of the rank and file. Confessions of faith had a value for religious life... The Bible was found too wide-meshed a net for discipline. Confessions were of closer texture, and could be trusted to separate a finer orthodoxy. Yet few would say that their Confessions could ever be too Scriptural. The closer they clung to Holy Writ in spirit, in tone, and language, in comprehensiveness, and in devout simplicity, the more they valued and loved them.

It was all very well to say that if a man no longer held the Confession in its entirety he could resign and go. Could he? It might be his religious duty to shun schism and to stay, though he was deemed a troubler of Israel. Could they afford to let him go? They could not muzzle their preachers and still call them prophetic men. Confessions were ill served by those who read them narrowly. Let them view them historically and they would honour them.

A discussion at this same Aberdeen Conference, on "Authority in matters of Faith," casts light on this process of doctrinal disintegration by reminding us of its ultimate cause. For this discussion, based on papers by Principal Scrimger of Montreal, on "the Authority in matters of Faith of our Lord Jesus Christ"; by Professor Stewart of St. Andrews, on "the Authority of the Holy Scriptures"; and by Dr. C. M. Steffens on "the Authority of Christian Experience," reduced the first two practically to the last.

Thus Dr. Scrimger said:

To give His divinity as a reason for the authority of our Lord's teaching was to argue in a circle. . . . His words were accepted as true not because He said them, but because they perceived their truth in themselves; in the fullest sense a thing could be true for the individual, only if he perceived it to be true, and verified in his own experience." His judgment would have value in proportion to his own sincerity and disinterestedness, and he would be confirmed in his conclusions if he found that a multitude of others in whose sincerity and open-mindedness he had full confidence agreed with him in their estimate. That must be the genesis and natural history of the conviction that what Jesus Christ taught was true.

Similarly Professor Stewart said: "When they asked why authority was ascribed to Scripture many answers might be given; that of the result of Christian experience was perhaps the most widely accepted, and on the whole the most satisfactory." And in the same sense Dr. Steffens maintained that "religious experience tested, interpreted, verified, and enriched the religious dogma. Dogma in turn furnished the objective standards in terms of which experience was evaluated. . . . The ultimate vindication of the truth of Christianity was in the product of the new man."

This is a species of religious phraseology with which readers of the present age are familiar, but it is somewhat misleading. "Spiritual experience" is only another name for private judgment, or, to speak more accurately, the interpretation put upon spiritual experience by private judgment; and the whole question is as to the correctness of this private interpretation. It may be urged, as it has been urged by Dr. Scrimger, that its correctness is made manifest by its accordance with the similar spiritual experience of many others. But how is this to be understood? Granted that the experience of one Presbyterian accords with the similar experience of many other Presbyterians. Still is this enough when restricted to beliefs which, if shared by other Presbyterians, are not attested but are even rejected by the spiritual experiences of adherents of other denominations; for instance by that of the Catholics who, in the name of their multitudinous adherents, could say with intimate conviction that their spiritual experience does not attest, as being the new life in its perfection, a spiritual life not nourished by true sacra-

ments? On the other hand would not those who claim to have a deep spiritual experience—though they disbelieve in the miracles of Christ, or His divinity, or even in a personal, as distinct from a pantheistic, God—dispute the right of orthodox Presbyterians to claim spiritual experience as attesting their own doctrinal beliefs, or as alone defining the exact area of religious truth? In other words, if it be conceded that personal spiritual experience, when confirmed by that of multitudes of others, does guarantee the truth of an extremely vague substratum of belief, how can it serve as a test of the truth of any particular doctrine, such as that of the Atonement of Christ, or enable a Church organization to stipulate for the common confession of the same creed among its ministers or laity? In short, if spiritual experience of this sort is to be the ultimate test of doctrine, are we not driven to the acknowledgment that St. Paul's ideal of "one faith, one baptism," or our Lord's "that all may be one, as the Son is one with the Father, that the world may know that Thou hast sent me," is an ideal altogether unattainable?

And that this is so, Dr. Wallace Williamson seems to perceive, as another passage in his *Closing Address at Edinburgh* testifies:

He would not discuss there the far-reaching problem of the restoration of the broken unity of Christendom. It might be true that "we shall none of us live to see the torn robe of Christ sewn together again." They must strive more and more to recognize under varying forms the identity of the Christian spirit. Union would never again be the result of mere external compulsion. Nor did there seem any likelihood that authority would ever again be concentrated for Christendom in one infallible human voice. The only way open, therefore, was the way of conciliation and comprehension, and amidst diversities of operation to recognize a unity of spirit and of common aims. It was surely possible to realize the corporate character of the Church, and the divine significance of the Christian sacraments, without ignoring the law of Christian charity or forgetting that the whole flock of Christ was not yet, if it ever should be, in one fold. They had all to remember the risk and danger to spiritual life of allowing ecclesiastical theory to take the place of manifest fact, and to raise admittedly secondary questions to the level of eternal principles of the faith.

Still St. Paul's words, and our Lord's words, remain; and, by remaining, surely testify that there is a method, in

conformity with the exigencies of the human mind, by which the ideal they set before us can be attained. The great Church too—which even now retains in its fold more millions than all the Protestant denominations put together, and retained in it also the ancestors of all these Protestants for many more centuries of existence than Protestantism can since number—is there to show how this same ideal can be attained. May we put it then to these Presbyterian reunionists, Is not this method, which can retain so many millions of every class and race, of every degree of intelligence, probity, and piety, in the bonds of a unity so astonishing, a method worthy of serious study by all who crave for the continued fulfilment of our Lord's prayer? That Dr. Wallace Williamson has not so studied it yet is manifest, for he sets it down as "the result of mere external compulsion." No, it is not that; it never was that; it never could be that. How could a communion so vast, ruled over by one feeble old man, with the arms of flesh arrayed almost entirely against him and them, be kept together by external compulsion? Internal compulsion would be a better word. The method is simple enough. It is the method of authority, of submission to the teaching of an authority which is recognized as worthy to receive submission by minds set on truth alone, because of their conviction that it can give them a guarantee of truth better than their own private judgment can offer, because it is the voice not of a mere man, but of a divine tradition guarded by one who is himself under a promised divine guidance. It is not for us to justify this doctrine of Church authority here. It is enough to claim that either this doctrine is true, or our Lord Jesus Christ made no provision for securing that unity, in truth as in communion, for which He prayed so earnestly; and to press the practical conclusion just pointed, that at least the Catholic position is worthy of that serious study which it seldom receives even from those who long so much for reunion.

S. F. S.

The Ritual Murder Trial at Kieft.

FIFTEEN years ago, in an article published in these pages upon "Anti-semitism and the charge of Ritual Murder,"¹ the present writer ventured to offer some protest against the extravagance of the prejudice which disfigured, and still disfigures, so much of our controversial literature, particularly in countries of Latin speech. We Catholics, even more than other religious bodies, have constantly to make appeal against popular misrepresentation. With so long and chequered a past behind us, we can only turn for fair treatment to the historical expert who possesses a broad and understanding knowledge of the middle ages and of social conditions very different from our own. The condemnation of Joan of Arc, or again of Galileo; the lives of such Pontiffs as John XII., Benedict IX., and Alexander VI.; the whole history of the Inquisition; the great Schism of the West, the massacre of St. Bartholomew; the developments of the Celibacy question or of the Indulgence question; the imputations of greed made against the Roman Curia or of nepotism against so many of the Popes, together with the long series of royal divorces—all these are facts which need benignant interpretation. In all these matters we are wont to deprecate a too precipitate judgment, in order that the crimes of individuals, however atrocious, may not be hastily imputed to the religion which they unworthily professed. It would seem, then, that when there is question of attributing to another religious system a belief which all those who profess it energetically repudiate, we ought to be the last to press a charge so long as any doubt of its truth remains possible. But in this hideous accusation, which represents it to be part of Jewish practice to murder Christian children in order to use their blood for purposes of ritual, the evidence is not only doubtful but rejected with indignation by every serious student. As was pointed out here in the article above referred to, the Popes themselves,

¹ *THE MONTH*, June, 1898, pp. 561—574.

after careful and prolonged inquiry, have formally exonerated the Jews from this dreadful imputation, and this notwithstanding the fact that several of the supposed victims of these outrages have been canonized by popular acclaim, and are known even in liturgical documents as St. Simon of Trent, St. Andrew of Rinn, St. William of Norwich, little St. Hugh of Lincoln, and so forth. On the other hand, when we examine into the grounds of the belief, we find that they amount at best to nothing more than prejudiced statements at second hand, supported in some cases by confessions made by the accused under the application, or at least the threat, of terrible torture. It was by precisely such evidence that for three centuries the witch mania flourished in Europe to the disgrace alike of Christianity and civilization.

The more seriously, then, the question is examined, the more satisfied the inquirer becomes that the ritual murder charge has been completely demolished by the many excellent vindications which have been published in favour of the accused.¹ It would be quite superfluous to go into the matter again. If we mention it now our principal object is to emphasize the fact that the Catholic Church as such is in no way committed to this horrible calumny. Such a disgraceful book as the *Ames Juives* of Stephen Coubé is not representative of, but in flat contradiction to, the true spirit of Catholic scholarship and Catholic piety. Unfortunately such works provide only too reasonable an excuse for the prominence which the London daily press has given to the statement that in the ritual murder case now being tried at Kieff, a Catholic priest, a certain Father Pranaitis, has been summoned as a witness by the prosecution to testify from expert knowledge to the

¹ One of the very best, which has also the convenience of being available in English, is the work, *Der Blutaberglaube*, of Dr. Hermann L. Strack, not himself a Jew, but a Lutheran and professor of theology at Berlin University. The English translation, which is rendered from the eighth edition of the original, with valuable additions by the author, is entitled *The Jew and Human Sacrifice*. (London, Cope and Fenwick, 1909). Of special interest, as the work of a Russian Talmudist of the highest competence, is the exhaustive study by the venerable Professor Chwolson, of St. Petersburg, which, after two Russian editions, appeared under the author's eye in German with this title: *Die Blutanklage und sonstige mittelalterliche Beschuldigungen der Juden* (Frankfurt a.M. 1901). Another excellent book is that of Dr. Josef Kopp (a Catholic), *Zur Judenfrage nach den Akten des Prozesses Rohling-Bloch*. (Leipzig, 3rd Edition, 1886); but for brevity and clearness we would specially commend the essay of Abbé Vacandard, "La Question du Meurtre rituel chez les Juifs," which is included in his *Etudes de Critique et d'Histoire religieuse*. Third Series. Paris: Lecoffre. 1912.

reality of the practice among the Jews. Some of these newspapers on the other hand have stated that the Orthodox clergy have refused to be associated with the charge, but this is surely in contradiction to the facts. We are grateful to *The Jewish Chronicle* for pointing out that the Metropolitan Archbishop of the Catholics in Russia, Mgr. Klutchinsky, "has made a statement condemning the boycott in Poland and the blood libel agitation." The Archbishop, it is affirmed, has strongly censured the priests who preached against the Jews and has made it widely known that not only was there nothing in the Jewish religion to suggest that Jews were obliged to commit ritual murder, but that the followers of the ancient faith of Israel might serve as an example to Christians both for their faithful observance of festivals and sabbath days and for their spirit of piety in all religious matters.¹ But what is of still more interest to us English Catholics is the prominence given in the same Jewish organ to the straightforward opinion which Cardinal Bourne has expressed in answer to a recent appeal of the English Chief Rabbi. As some of our readers may not have had this important utterance brought to their notice, we reproduce here both the letter of the Chief Rabbi and the text of Cardinal Bourne's reply. The former document, which contains, so far as we know, an absolutely correct statement of facts, will serve as a useful summary of the points we wish to emphasize in the present article:

Office of the Chief Rabbi, London,
September 19th, 1913.

His Eminence Cardinal Bourne,
Archbishop of Westminster.

Sir,—I venture to approach your Eminence on a matter in which leading Catholic prelates have for centuries taken the side of truth, justice, and humanity.

You are no doubt aware that the "Blood Accusation" has been revived against the Jewish people in connection with the Beilis case at Kieff, Russia.

Two and a half years ago a boy was found murdered in that city, and some time later, a Jew, Beilis by name, was arrested as the alleged murderer. Now, whether Beilis did or did not commit this crime is a question *sub judice*, and in itself of no greater importance than any other murder trial. But the fearful circumstance is this, that the Public Prosecutor has, with the approval of the Minister of Justice at St. Petersburg, formulated

¹ *The Jewish Chronicle*, Oct. 10, 1913, p. 12.

a charge of ritual murder against the man, who is thus said to have murdered a Christian child in the performance of a Jewish religious rite.

This monstrous fable of religious child-murder, so effectively used against the early Christians by their heathen prosecutors, and a generation ago by the Chinese against Christian missionaries, has never failed to inflame a world of fathers and mothers against the unpopular minority to whom this hideous crime was imputed.

Foremost among the champions who have authoritatively defended Jews and Judaism against this foul and Satanic falsehood, have been the greatest and most learned dignitaries of your Church. The Bulls against this ritual murder charge issued by Popes Innocent IV., Gregory X., Martin V., Paul III., as well as the famous rescript of Cardinal Ganganelli (later Pope Clement XIV.), have only recently been reprinted in a separate pamphlet (which I enclose). And in our own day the Bishop of Fulda, Cardinal Manning, and the Editor of the Catholic Encyclopaedia have, among others, worthily continued this church tradition.

May I hope, in answer to this letter, for a similar expression of opinion from your Eminence, which I should be at liberty to publish? Such a statement from the Head of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in England would to-day in Russia be second only to that of the Supreme Pontiff in exorcising this spectre of darkness and hatred with, alas, its consequent horrors of pogroms and mob-violence.

I remain, very faithfully yours,
J. H. HERTZ,
Chief Rabbi.

CARDINAL BOURNE'S REPLY.

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.
September 25, 1913.

The Very Rev. the Chief Rabbi.

Sir,—I regret to learn that accusations of ritual murder are being renewed in Russia. As you say, the Catholic Church has, so far as I am aware, always recognized that such accusations had no foundation whatever in the religion, belief or practices of the Jewish people.

I trust that this fact will soon be universally recognized, and that if crime be committed it will not be attributed to motives which do not really exist.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
FRANCIS, CARDINAL BOURNE.

It is worth noticing also that this is not the first time that His Eminence has publicly given his adhesion to a similar pronouncement. In the spring of last year a British protest was drawn up in connection with the same Beilis case and published in *The Jewish Chronicle* of May 10, 1912. Among the signatories we find the names not only of most of the Anglican Episcopate and of a vast number of University professors and literary men, but also those of Cardinal Bourne and the Duke of Norfolk. Further, lest anyone should suppose that the attitude of prominent Catholics in this country is only a very recent development, it is interesting to recall the fact that as far back as the year 1840, when a terrible persecution of the Jews began in Damascus in consequence of the supposed ritual murder of a Capuchin missionary, Brother Thomas, by those of that religion, a great meeting was convened by the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House to protest against the barbarous atrocities to which the unfortunate Jews had been subjected. On that occasion Daniel O'Connell, the hero of Catholic Emancipation, was amongst the speakers. The No-Popery prejudice at that epoch was still strong and when O'Connell stood up upon the platform some hisses were heard amid the general applause with which he was received. However, the great Irish leader paid no attention, and after moving a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor for presiding at the meeting, O'Connell, according to *The Times* report, told the assembly that he had yet another duty to perform:

It was to express the opinion of even an humble individual like himself. On coming into the room he had been handed a paper which promised a book of reasons for disbelieving the charge made against the Jews. Could there be any necessity for reasons? He believed it to be decidedly and manifestly false. He thought the case was weakened by argument. Every feeling of nature, every feeling of humanity contradicted the foul, the murderous charge. After the testimony which had that day been so amply borne to the moral worth of the Jews of England, was there a human being so degraded as to believe that they made human blood a part of the preparation for their ceremonies? Was not the Hebrew exemplary in every relation of life? Was he not a good father, a good son? Did not they make good mothers and daughters? Were they not firm friends? (Cheers.) Were they not honest and industrious?

O'Connell then went on to deal with the suggestion that

" in Damascus there might be found men of an inferior stamp who were capable of committing the crime" to which he seems to have replied that the charge was one made against the Jewish religion as such, and consequently might fairly be met by an appeal to the ordinary fruits of that religion. Moreover, he expressed his entire disbelief in the guilt of the accused in the case alleged. The only proof of the crime which had been produced was " the evidence of a wretched man from whom the torture had extracted a confession upon which no reliance could be placed." He ended by saying that he

would call on them as Englishmen to raise their voices in behalf of the victims of an atrocious oppression. Let one cry run from end to end of Britain's Isle (hear, hear), and if they wanted an Irish shout (loud cheers and laughter), they should have that also.¹

In connection with this particular meeting at the Mansion House, it is curious to learn from Professor Chwolson's volume that the Vice-Chancellor of Russia, Count Nesselrode, instructed Baron Brunow, the Russian Ambassador in London, to express approval of the object of the meeting as being "based on humane and just principles" and to declare moreover the adhesion of the Government of the Tsar to the plan of a collective protest against the Damascus blood libel.

Of course throughout all these protests and discussions it should be clearly understood that the question whether a murder may have been committed by an individual Jew or a number of Jews does not come into debate. In isolated cases, it is possible that criminals of that race may really have been guilty of the homicides attributed to them, but the only point of real importance is the fact that there is nothing in the Hebrew religion or practice which enjoins or approves this kind of human sacrifice. Both in the German and the French protest this feature is very clearly brought out. In the former for example we read:

On the 12th March, 1911, the boy Andrew Yuschinsky was murdered at Kieff. In spite of every effort, no convincing evidence of the authorship of the crime has yet been discovered. A Jew has, however, been arrested and charged, and the inquiry against him is now in progress.

¹ *The Times*, July 4, 1840.

Whether this Jew is the murderer we cannot judge. It would not be proper to anticipate a judicial decision in a case which is still pending, especially when it is being tried in another country.

But there is one aspect of the case which compels us in accordance with our consciences to adopt a certain attitude.

Mob agitators have eagerly seized on the crime, and have boldly asserted that the boy Yuschinsky was slaughtered by Jews in order to drain his blood and use it for ritual purposes, in obedience to an alleged Jewish religious law. This unscrupulous fiction, spread among the people, has from the Middle Ages until recent times led to terrible consequences. It has incited the ignorant masses to outrage and massacre, and has driven misguided crowds to pollute themselves with the innocent blood of their Jewish fellow-men. And yet not a shadow of proof has ever been adduced to justify this crazy belief. The most esteemed authorities on Jewish literature have proved incontrovertibly that the Jews have never been exhorted by their religion to murder their fellow-men.

It is perhaps regrettable that among the signatures attached to the German and the French protest there cannot be found in either case the names of any Catholic Ecclesiastics of high position, or indeed so far as we can discover the names of any Catholic Ecclesiastics at all. This, we are convinced, is due not to the unwillingness of Catholic prelates to give their adhesion to such a protest, but simply to the fact that they have not been asked for their signatures. In one case, that of Mgr. Duchesne (who is now, of course, a member of the Académie Française, though not, as *The Jewish Chronicle* supposes, a Bishop), a query from a fellow-Academician has elicited a reply which has lately been published in the newspapers. The letter clearly shows that if Mgr. Duchesne's name was not attached to the formal French protest of 1912, as in fact it was not, its absence from that document implies no lack of sympathy with the cause. Mgr. Duchesne's words are these:

You ask me, with respect to the trial at Kieff, to tell you what I think of the charge of ritual murder among the Jews. You know very well what I think, for I have expressed my opinion several times, and Abbé Vacandard, in his excellent work on the subject, has repeated it to his readers. Like the Popes and the Bishops who have had occasion to deal with this accusation, I am of opinion that we have here an absurd fable analogous to certain calumnies which in former times were levelled at Christian assemblies and were also devoid of all foundation.

It is not always wise to ignore such calumnies, absurd as they may be. Throughout many centuries there were imbeciles who alleged that the Church in council had decreed that women had no souls. This stupidity, however, had no serious consequences; it did not embitter the relations of women with the Church. But the ritual murder legend is another matter, for people have died on account of it. These stories of children from whom blood has been drawn have claimed real victims; they may cause more. And we cannot flatter ourselves that reason will soon prevail. One cannot enter into a discussion with religious passion; and as for human stupidity, which plays a great part in the world's affairs, it is absolutely impregnable.

But we must protest all the same. Let us press the truth; something may result from it.

But, it will be asked, in the face of all these testimonies, has no serious attempt at all been made to supply proof of the existence of a practice of ritual murder among the Jews? We answer that apart from the worthless publications of Rohling, Desportes, "Jab," Onody and others, which have been utterly demolished by professors of repute like Franz Delitzsch and H. Strack,¹ we know of only one writer possessing the slightest claim to be treated as a scholar who has defended the ritual murder charge in recent years.² This is a certain Dr. Carl Mommert, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre and parish priest of Schweinitz, who has produced a number of learned works upon the topography of ancient Jerusalem. That the author, however, must be somewhat of a crank is apparent even from the tone of his archaeological lucubrations, while in the pamphlets he has written on the blood accusation, Dr. Mommert's lack of the critical faculty is glaringly conspicuous. Much of his argument—indeed we might say the backbone of it—is built upon the testimony of a supposed converted Rabbi, of whom we know absolutely nothing except the fact that some Orthodox monks published in 1833 a

¹ The books are so contemptible that it is not worth while to quote their titles. Something was said of them in my previous article.

² Most of the anti-Semitic manifestoes are simply declamatory. It is, for example, impossible sufficiently to deplore the unpardonable language used by such a writer as Père S. Coubé in his book, *Âmes juives* (Paris, Lethielleux, 1909), in which without a shadow of justification he asserts that ritual murders continue at the present day, and "prove that the Moloch of the Talmud, which is nothing else but Satan himself, is continually athirst for Christian blood." If the temper of Father Coubé's writings were really representative of the *âme chrétienne*, we confess that we should prefer to take our chance in the next world with the *âmes juives* whom he reviles.

modern Greek translation of his disclosures, ostensibly from a Moldavian text, said to have been printed in 1803. Even apart from the contents of the document the story of this Moldavian Rabbi is in the highest degree suspicious. He would have us believe that at the age of thirteen his father selected him from out of a large family to be the depository of the hideous ritual murder tradition which he declared was handed down under oaths of inviolable secrecy from father to son.¹ People, we submit, are not in the habit of committing such awful secrets, *ex hypothesi* the profoundest mysteries of their worship, to children of thirteen; neither is there any attempt to prove that the supposed Moldavian monk, Neophytus, ever existed, or to show that he had really been a Jewish rabbi! Dr. Mommert's pamphlets contain no new evidence and no argument which makes even a plausible appeal to the reasoning faculty. The stress laid upon the testimony given under torture in the case of little Simon of Trent and in that of Brother Thomas of Damascus, leaves the question just where it stood, and, so far as we are aware, Dr. Mommert has not yet redeemed his promise of publishing *in extenso* the depositions preserved at Vienna and the Vatican in connection with the former of these alleged ritual murders.

The great puzzle in this matter is to explain how such a belief grew up, but this on fuller consideration does not appear to be so serious a difficulty as it might seem at first sight. To begin with there is always a tendency, as has been noticed in more than one of the passages quoted above, to attribute sanguinary and revolting practices to any mysterious cult which, as something cryptic or unfamiliar, is regarded with suspicion by the people. The early Christians, our missionaries in China, and even conventional institutions in modern England, have all had bitter experience of this form of morbid distrust. Secondly, it is plain that the ritual murder delusion has grown up by degrees. In the earliest known story of this kind, attributed by the Church Historian, Socrates, to the year 415 or thereabouts, certain Syrian Jews, in a drunken frolic, to deride the Christian mysteries, took a Christian child, and binding him to a cross, ill-treated him. The historian implies that they went further than they meant and ended in killing the boy, so to speak, by accident. The

¹ Mommert, *Der Ritualmord bei den Talmud-Juden*, Leipzig, 1905, p. 78, and see also his *Widerlegung der Widersprüche frommer Juden und Christen gegen die Blutheschuldigung der Juden*, Leipzig, 1906.

next case is that of St. William of Norwich in 1144. Here we have a definite statement that the Jews, in accordance with an ancient tradition, found opportunity to put to death one Christian every year, and that their leaders assembled at Narbonne to decide by lot in which locality this crime should be committed. It is to be noticed that in these, as in many other early stories of the same kind, nothing is said about using the blood of the victim to make cakes. This feature was a later development. Considering the incredible and brutal oppression to which the Jews were commonly subjected from the tenth century onwards, it seems extremely likely that in a few isolated instances some half-crazy Israelite may have welcomed the opportunity of venting his spite upon a defenceless Christian child or girl. That one such case did actually happen at Neuss in 1197 we know from the testimony of a Jewish chronicler.¹ The man was insane, but he killed the girl and threw her body into a well, on which account the Christians took a most terrible vengeance on the whole Jewish community. What is likely to have centred attention upon the Easter festival is the fact that in almost every part of Europe the Jews at this season were exposed to the most cruel outrages. A whole volume might be written on the subject, for it would seem that many Christians in that barbarous age regarded it as a work of piety when the Passion of Christ was being commemorated, to show their fervour by reviling and ill-treating any Jew who chanced to cross their path. It was probably more as a measure of precaution than as a punishment that many early Councils decreed that during this holy season no Jews should venture to show themselves abroad. We consider it almost inevitable that this must have had the effect of goading the poor victims to something like frenzy and that consequently any outrages committed by the Jews, by way of retaliation, were more likely to have taken place at this than at any other season. Further, the Jewish festival occurred about the same time, and undoubtedly one of the practices which stood almost first in importance in the mind of the less educated Hebrews was the preparation of the *Mazzoth* or 'cakes of unleavened bread. These were often preserved with veneration and used medically and, it is probable, also magically.² Further, we

¹ See Frankel's *Monatschrift*, xxxviii. p. 322, and Neubauer, *Hebraische Berichte*, p. 210.

² There is plenty of evidence that even in this country and in quite recent times hot cross buns have been kept from year to year to serve all kinds of superstitious purposes.

know that magic was much employed among the Jews,¹ and on the other hand the use of blood was so frequent in all magical rites that it is difficult to suppose that the Jews can have escaped the infection. Even the Christian Fathers like St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Isidore were well aware that blood was employed in all kinds of necromancy.² Thus it is interesting to note that in the Jewish magical treatise called *The Sword of Moses* we find such prescriptions as the following: "To make your neighbour disliked, take blood from phlebotomy, say upon it No. 87 and throw it upon his lintel"; or again, "if thou wishest that a woman is to follow thee write thy name and her name with thy blood upon her door and the same upon thy door and repeat the words of No. 64."³

The inference which we draw from all this is, not that the Jews really made use of Christian blood for liturgical purposes, but that the idea of its employment was sufficiently familiar to lead to the belief that in these cakes, which the Jews were known to treat with superstitious reverence, there must be some latent magical power, such as blood might be supposed to impart. And once a belief that the Jews sacrificed Christian children in order to use their blood in the *mazzoth*, was established and propagated abroad, it would be impossible to eradicate it from the popular mind. Nay, it seems even probable that such beliefs exercised a sort of hypnotic effect upon the victims themselves, in such sort that they also came to think and possibly even to do, in a few isolated cases, the very things of which they were suspected. The famous Inquisition trial after the murder of *el santo Niño de la Guardia*, the available records of which have been published by Father Fita, S.J.,⁴ had not strictly to do with a ritual sacrifice, but with the procuring of blood for Jewish magical purposes by taking the life of a Christian child. M. Loeb, and Dr. H. C. Lea were of opinion that the con-

¹ See L. Blau, *Das altjüdische Zauberwesen*, 1898, and T. W. Davies, *Magic, Divination, and Demonology*, 1897.

² St. Jerome in his commentary on Daniel speaks of "malefici qui sanguine utuntur et victimis" (Migne, *P.L.* xxv. 498), and St. Augustine recalls the divinations "ubi adhibito sanguine etiam inferos perhibet sciscitari" (Migne, *P.L.* xli. 223), and compare Isidore, "ad quos sciscitandos cadaveri sanguis adjicitur, nam amare dæmones sanguinem dicunt" (Migne, *P.L.* lxxxii. 312).

³ See Dr. Gaster, in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1896 pp. 149, seq.

⁴ *Boletín de la real Academia de la Historia*, vol. xi.

fessions elicited from the accused were worthless, and that the Jews, through the diabolical ingenuity of their torturers, were forced into telling a fictitious but fairly consistent tale. It may be so; but we must own that, after a careful study of the records, we have come round to the opinion of Mr. Rafael Sabatini in his recently-published volume on Torquemada. We believe that in this particular trial the admissions made in the examinations before the Inquisition were faithfully reported, and in substance, accurate as to the facts.

Be that as it may, nothing is more perplexing than the psychology of such confessions. In certain of the witch trials it would seem that the accused, without torture or even threat of torture, confessed to all kinds of intercourse with evil spirits, to riding through the air on broomsticks and to numberless other absurdities. What is more, when, after condemnation, they stood face to face with death, and knew that whether they persevered in their statement or retracted it they would meet with the same treatment, we find them sometimes, and indeed often, persisting in their confession of guilt. Perhaps the most curious case of this kind is that described by St. Agobard in the ninth century.¹ A certain Grimaldus, Duke of Beneventum, was accused, in the panic which resulted from a pestilence which was destroying all the cattle, of sending men out with poisoned dust to spread the infection further. These men, when arrested and questioned, persisted, says Agobard, in affirming their guilt, even though many of them were put to death in consequence. There was, he declares, absolutely no foundation for the charge, and he explains their conduct by the supposition that the devil had cast some spell upon them to ruin them body and soul. But in the matter which immediately concerns us here, despite the difficulty of judging of the value of the confessions made in certain cases by the accused, one thing at least is assuredly plain. The immolation of Christian children is in no way sanctioned by the Jewish religion as a system. In the words of the British protest, "the 'blood accusation' is a relic of the days of witchcraft and black magic, a cruel and utterly baseless libel on Judaism, an insult to Western culture and a dishonour to the Churches in whose name it has been formulated by ignorant fanatics."

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Migne, *P.L.* civ, 158.

"The Accepted Hour."

CHAPTER II.

INCREDIABLY blue sea, shining in the distance between black-green pine trees, and golden sand, almost red hot in the late September sunshine, was Celia's usual morning picture. Boscombe was more than usually full of that musky breath of the pine woods, which a child once defined as a smell of hot blackberries; the scent of the fir trees dominated that of the sea, and it was only after sunset that the air carried the slightest whiff of ozone. Masses of pale blue hydrangea masked and glorified the ugly red villas which year after year grow up to try and disfigure that dear little playground of nature, but never completely succeed. Celia could soon leave the last of those artistically designed and finished residences behind, with their pepper-pot turrets and white porches, and find herself flying through the dark woods which here and there open to give a vista of blue haze and shimmering sea. The French maid was, of course, quite *blasée* with motor rides, but Kuro's little dog-heart would beat with a wild joy as he stood up in front of the glass screen, his black coat bristling, and his nostrils snorting defiance. The place was almost empty, before the winter rush of visitors, and though Mesdames Temperley, Catesby-Durham, and their kind might be expected when the weather demanded chinchilla and green velvet for the Winter Garden concerts, as yet Celia had found few companions besides her old governess, Miss Monkinstall, who generally stayed at seaside boarding-houses when their tariff was still fluctuating between summer reduction and the dizzy opulence of three pounds a week. Miss Monkinstall had imparted to Celia, from the age of eleven to fifteen, all the polite attainments then considered necessary, and when Sir Eliot declared that his nerves would bear a resident governess no longer, it was only Celia's natural intelligence and inquiring mind that led her much farther than Macaulay's *History of England*, and *La Pluie de Perles*. The ancient lady could still be induced, when Celia was quite alone, to

open what she always alluded to as the instrument, and *La Pluie de Perles* would be succeeded by ardent interpretations of *The Carnival of Venice* and *The Bird Waltz*. Miss Monkinstall in her youth had been considered Spanish-looking, and in the year of grace, 1907, favoured jetty curls and wore an improbable looking set of teeth. Between her and Miss Glendale existed however, a very real devotion, not in the least impaired by Miss Monkinstall's horror of many of Celia's "ways." She secretly thought it fast to keep a black pug instead of the ladylike fawn-coloured variety, and was only restrained by a sense of delicacy regarding her qualifications as a companion, from openly condemning Celia for keeping house alone. "So embarrassing when gentlemen call (Miss Monkinstall never called anyone a man above the rank of a tax collector), particularly if one of them should be a pretender." The mention of pretenders, who also figured occasionally in the governess's vocabulary as aspirants, generally sent Celia into fits of helpless laughter. Emma Monkinstall could not forget that in the days when the *Bird Waltz* was a palpitating reality to which feet moved and hearts beat, the age of thirty-five was not even considered very early for a death, and yet she looked upon the real Celia as still tenderly young and unprotected.

"Why do you laugh, my dear?" she would ask, the Spanish smile and the improbable teeth in full play, "I assure you that Mr. Reeves, who is considered quite one of the foremost at Trevor House, is never tired of reminding us how careful young ladies should be, even in the present day."

She had heroes in every boarding-house along the English coast, who gravely judged the world by the ethics of the *table d'hôte*, and Celia would put dear Monkinstall into the most comfortable chair in the little Boscombe drawing-room, take up her leather work, or ribbon embroidery, and listen meekly while a flood of advice flowed over her head. Dennington Wybrow, touring with "Woman's War," arrived one afternoon to be greeted by snorts of recognition from Kuro, and reminiscences of actors who had played with his grandfather. As Mr. Wybrow was neither a pretender nor an aspirant, having indeed a charming wife and two little girls who flourished exceedingly on the proceeds of his successful impersonations of villains, Monkinstall considered him quite safe, and was duly edified to see him start on Sunday mornings in immaculate blue serge and brown boots, for one of the

hundreds of different churches in Boscombe; a little girl in either hand, and pretty Mrs. Wybrow bringing up the rear. There was quite a flutter among the walkers on the cliffs to see them, and to compare the well-known Napoleonic profile with the flaming posters in the town representing a gentleman in orange-coloured khaki trying to lead a lady in the latest shade of "Nattier" blue away from the paths of virtue. He brought news that Mr. Simon Mosehurst was established in a cottage on the road to Poole till it was cold enough to start for a winter in Egypt.

"Rosamund and the kiddies are going to stay there for the week-end, and I shall motor over after the play on Saturday night," he said. "Simon wants you to go over for tea on Sunday. He's got some people coming, and wants me to meet Wareham, the chap who painted Dora Rotherhithe."

Mr. Wybrow's one weakness (and it was a very small one in such an estimable young man) was speaking of absent ladies whom he knew very slightly by their Christian names; especially when those names happened to have a prefix before them. Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith stood a fair chance of being mentioned in the customary way, but no lady whose birth or marriage had crowned her with any kind of title ever figured in Mr. Wybrow's conversation except as she stood in her baptismal register. "Dora" Rotherhithe, the sitter who had made Anthony Wareham's name as a portrait painter, was an exceedingly dignified and charming woman of about fifty-five, whose late husband had been made a Peer when the last Government went out. She had invited the Wybrows to some very pleasant Sunday lunches, and on the strength of this, would remain "Dora" to her dying day.

"Well, shall I telephone to old Simon (Mr. Wybrow's friends were all old, as a kind of mental equivalent to the perennial youth of his women acquaintances) that you will come? It would be *great* if Wareham were to want to paint you; black velvet gown with Kuro in your lap, and all the background white, sort of *La Dame à la Robe de Velours noir* business, what?"

"How exceedingly unusual," broke in Miss Monkinstall, "I noticed at the Royal Academy that all the ladies in sombre colours were invariably grouped on red cushions. . . ."

"Never mind, dear," interrupted Celia, who foresaw about forty minutes' description of early Victorian portrait painting, "I don't suppose Mr. Wareham will dream of asking to paint

me, and you know he is far too big a person to be in want of sitters. Mr. Wybrow shall ring up Mr. Mosehurst, and we will all go over on Sunday with Kuro in his best go-to-meeting yellow ribbon, and I'll take the little camera. If nothing else happens, at least I shall have a snap at some groups, and immortalize the modern Rembrandt and the best Iago of our generation, while pouring out each other's tea."

"Don't be too sure that he won't insist on painting Miss Monkinstall," remarked Wybrow, "there is just the right disparity to be dangerous. Do you know that the great Wareham is only thirty? I was looking up all about him the other day, and there are all sorts of stories going. Of course, you know there was the usual business; orphan boy educated, and sent abroad to study painting because somebody saw a sketch of his in an Irish farm-house, etc. He is a Papist and all sorts of jolly things; old Simon says he goes off to some 'potty' little church on his bike at any hour of the morning."

"I have always heard that the Jesuits . . ." began Miss Monkinstall, when Celia again ruthlessly cut her short.

"Well, all this is very charming, good people, but as Mr. Wybrow has to dress, dine, and be on the Winter Garden platform at eight o'clock in full eighteenth century costume, I think we must turn him out and go for a walk before we dress."

"Well, Sunday at three," said Dennington rising, "it's no good starting too late at this time of the year; you don't want to go both ways in the dark."

When he had gone the two women strolled on the cliff, Miss Monkinstall voluble, now she was not interrupted, on Academy pictures, Jesuits, actors, and such other kindred topics; and Celia busily engaged in preventing Kuro from eating the very miscellaneous objects which departing families of children had strewed on their way. The sea lay like a silver lake under the rising September mist, one by one the lights on the two piers of Boscombe and Bournemouth came out like points of fire in the blue haze, and the sands, left bare and wet by the receding tide, showed grey and desolate in the distance. Celia shivered.

"My dear, I hope you are not taking cold," exclaimed Miss Monkinstall, suddenly recalled from a description of herself as a Gitana, painted by one of her pupils in such perfection that the drawing master had pronounced not one stroke of the brush to be visible, "let us go in."

"One turn more," said Celia, "and then we must. It's rather a nuisance to have to see 'Woman's War' again after twice in Town, isn't it? But it would look unkind to let our seats be empty, and I don't want to offend the Wybrows, who are always so nice to me. You'll come with us on Sunday, won't you? It will interest you to see Lady Rotherhithe after her picture being in all the papers, and as for the great Anthony Wareham, I could even get up an excitement about him myself."

The curtain rose at eight above the pretty little flower-decked stage of the Winter Gardens, and the public grew duly enthusiastic over Mr. Wybrow in his superb pink satin and ruffles. The Napoleonic profile crowned by Mr. Judge-son's latest triumph in white wigs, produced its usual effect on the soft hearts of the female portion of the audience, and Mr. Kerley, the principal stationer, chuckled at the thought of the run there would be next day on picture postcards. The orchestra had finished the "Merry Widow Waltz," and was just beginning "God save the King," without which the loyal town of Bournemouth never allows any entertainment to end, when a voice behind Celia said, "If you aren't tired, do come for a turn in the Gardens, it's quite early still," and Simon Mosehurst's neat grizzled head and gorgeous fur motor-coat appeared above the row behind our two ladies. The night was perfect, all the mist had disappeared, and the little formal flower beds laid out in diamonds and lozenges looked ghostly in the moonlight. A soft wind had risen, and for once the heavy smell of the pines was tinged with a sharp flavour of the sea. Celia threw back her cloak and stepped on to the ground. As she stood at the door of the great glass building, still fully lighted, her grey dress was half in the glow of the electric lamps and half in the white light of the moon. The friendly shadows left her head indefinite, with its black coils of hair lightly veiled in a lace wrap; one hand held back the folds of her gown and the other was raised to keep her fur-lined cloak from slipping off her shoulders.

"Star gazing?" said Mosehurst cheerfully, "nice night, isn't it? May I present my friend Anthony Wareham?"

A man came out of the darkness and bowed. The uncertain light only showed that he was of average height, and wore the same heavy coat as most men do who have a night motor drive before them. As he lifted his cap Celia could see that he was unusually fair and wore a slight moustache brushed

up from his mouth. The four strolled along, Miss Monkinstall and Mosehurst in front.

"I hope we aren't tiring you," said Wareman, "but it is so jolly to stretch one's legs a little before the drive back. How well the play went, didn't it? Of course, you know Mrs. Wybrow is staying at the Cottage, but she and Lady Rotherhithe struck at having another drive to-night. I think they both know the play by heart."

His voice had a faintly unfamiliar inflection, and, if such an idea had not been unthinkable, Celia would have decided that he was shy. He broke off his sentences abruptly, and punctuated some of them with a short laugh. She felt it would be school-girlish either to gush at him immediately, or awkwardly to avoid the topic of his celebrity, and this deprived her of her usual ease of manner. After a few commonplaces, they reached the outer gate of the Gardens. All the lights in the glass building were out, and the fragrant darkness was only pierced here and there by a solitary lamp. The two cars stood hissing in the roadway. Miss Monkinstall was already settled, and Mosehurst was giving a few instructions to his own chauffeur.

"Well, here we part till Sunday," he remarked as the two came up, "you haven't more than five minutes' drive, or I shouldn't have kept you up so late. Now, Anthony, all aboard."

Wareham put Miss Glendale into her car, and stood bare-headed as they shook hands. When Celia was unwrapping in the hall of her house, after depositing Miss Monkinstall at the Trevor, she suddenly remembered several brilliant things she had meant to say on a first introduction to Anthony Wareham, but as he was probably ten miles off by this, the reflection came a little late. She drank her milk and seltzer in the little dining-room, peeped at Kuro in his wadded bed, receiving a smothered snort and languid lick on the hand, and crept to bed. The looking-glass in her bedroom was placed at that strangely inconvenient angle which seems the rule in hotels and furnished houses, and the electric light threw heavy shadows on her face. She bent forward and looked fixedly at her reflection, touching the faint hollows under her eyes, and lifting her hair at the temples. On the left side a sudden gleam caught her eye, and putting up her hand she pulled out two grey hairs. Then hastily undressing, she was soon asleep. As she lay quietly in the dim light

which she never extinguished at night, the lines in her face seemed to deepen, and the hollow where the dimple had been looked like a scar. A little breeze had sprung up, and was blowing a soft shower of raindrops against the window. Celia must have been dreaming, for two solitary tears rolled from under her closed lashes and fell upon her pillow.

CHAPTER III.

AUTUMN had made a sudden stride, as it does on the Hampshire coast towards the end of September, and the little group on Mr. Mosehurst's lawn were glad of wraps before tea was over. A tall belt of firs stood up against the pink sky that was now flecked with woolly little evening clouds, trees hemmed in the garden plot, and one corner of a low wattle hedge ended in a gate leading out into the woods beyond. The white cloth with its dishes of autumn fruit and cheerful litter of cups and glasses made a spot of light in the gathering twilight, and repeated the white of the dahlias in the borders.

"I suppose we shall all be making tracks soon now," remarked Wybrow, who sat with one of his children on an arm of his chair and the other in his lap, "Simon is going over to Paris before he starts for Egypt, and I must be in London next week. We begin rehearsing 'The Pitfall' to-morrow, and I've weeks of hard work in front of me. Get down, darling, and take those biscuits away from Kuro before he chokes himself."

Mrs. Wybrow, a pretty blonde in a pink sun-bonnet, took her youngest and fattest daughter in her arms and walked towards the house. Lady Rotherhithe and her host walked up and down the grass plot till Mr. Mosehurst's cigar was finished, and then followed her. Miss Monkinstall, casting rather shocked glances at the cigarette ash strewing the grass in front of every lady's chair but her own, was beginning to think longingly of home and the select Sunday evening circle at The Trevor. Wareham and Celia strolled through the gate, passed the belt of firs to where the pine wood opened, and stood looking down at the sea. Kuro, replete and happy, ran backwards and forwards, occasionally pricking his blunt nose against a pine needle, and starting aimless rushes at imaginary insects in the grass.

"Who taught you what to call your dog, Miss Glendale?" said Anthony, "or is it possible that you speak Japanese?"

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Wareham, Kuro's name is the beginning and ending of my Oriental acquirements. Someone told me it meant black, and it seemed a change from the perpetual Satans and Demons that are always thought applicable to any inoffensive beast with a dark coat."

Wareham smiled. "It is hard, isn't it, on the Prince of Darkness, who was nothing if not a person of importance, that he should come to be a synonym for pet dogs. When we are in London again, if you are kind enough to come to my Studio, we must show Kuro some bronze models of his ancestors, in whom there is a distinctly diabolic strain."

"I hope you won't refuse to show me a good deal more than that; I've been wanting all the afternoon to tell you how much I should like to come, but I expect you are obdurate about being interrupted."

"Well, the best way to be sure that I shall not be interrupted, and yet that Kuro and you will honour me, is to promise me some sittings."

"There can be only one answer to that, can there, Mr. Wareham?" said Celia, "I hope you aren't likely to change your mind, because Kuro and I feel that if ever we are to be immortalized, it must be soon."

Unlike most women who have passed their first youth, Celia did not usually avoid the subject of age, and to-day she felt a perverse inclination to drag it into the conversation at any cost. Before many more words had passed, she committed the unpardonable error in good manners of asking Wareham to guess how old she was.

"Before you paint me," she said, "you must have an absolutely correct idea."

For one instant he looked surprised, but the next he answered very simply, and guessed right to within a year.

"And I should like to paint you," he continued quietly, "in the grey dress you wore the other night. Although I've done so many effects of lamplight and moonlight together, I'm never tired of it."

Darkness had completely fallen and they turned back to the house. The guests were now in the little drawing-room, and Rosamund Wybrow was singing softly to herself at the piano. Dennington, Mosehurst, Lady Rotherhithe and Miss Monkininstall had settled to Bridge, the latter having victoriously stifled all scruples concerning the day and the game under the overwhelming consciousness of playing with a

member of the peerage and one of the "foremost" actors of the day. Wareham and Celia sat down by the piano, and the exhausted Kuro, with one long sigh of rapture, settled down on Miss Glendale's white serge skirt.

"Now, Mrs. Wybrow, please sing 'Un Rêve,'" she said, "and it will be so perfect to go home through the woods in the dark remembering it."

"I shall be disturbing the game, but if you've got to go soon, I suppose that doesn't matter. No, don't light candles, Mr. Wareham, I know it by heart."

The pretty girlish figure, with its fair head bent in the dim lamplight, the white hands moving softly over the keys, the bowl of red dahlias on the piano, and the four people seated round their card-table, made up a commonplace picture enough; but in years to come, whenever the first chords of the song were struck, the floodgates of memory would open in Celia Glendale's heart and, rushing in, submerge all else. Verlaine, the vagabond poet, scum and derelict of the Paris gutter, was surely touched with the fire of genius when he wrote those words, only second to the verses which breathe a fire diviner still. The fresh voice trembled on the last lines of the song, for Mrs. Wybrow was an artist and, in spite of all the joys of wife and motherhood, could understand and express the despair in the beggar poet's words. Celia did not look at her companion in the half light, but she noticed his hand move towards his breast in a gesture which she did not understand, and when the song was over he remained silent. Soon after came the bustle of cloaking and saying good-bye, and she found herself out again in the dark garden, while Wareham held a lantern to show her the way. They neither of them spoke; Verlaine's song seemed to have brought a new atmosphere with it, and even Kuro's agitated silhouette in the darkness did not provoke a smile. At last Wareham roused himself.

"More lamplight effects, you see," he said, "I'm not at all sure that I didn't bring out the lantern on purpose to see how the garden looks with lamp rays and moonbeams shining on it together."

His voice had the nervous inflection of their first meeting, and his shyness seemed to have returned. Celia turned to thank her host and say good-bye to the two ladies, while Miss Monkinstall was carefully covering her Sunday black silk dress from possible accidents on the drive home. At last

Miss Glendale was obliged to look at Anthony and put out her hand.

"*Au revoir*, till London," he said, "I forgot to tell you that I too know one word of Japanese, which, I believe, is the form of good-bye: *Sayonara*."

"And what may such an exceedingly dignified word mean?" asked Celia laughing.

"It means," he answered gravely, "Since it must be."

CHAPTER IV.

MISS GLENDALE spent a fortnight longer in the house she had taken in Boscombe, when houses began to be much in request for the winter season. Bath chairs had begun to appear, looking in the distance like black insects crawling along the cliff. The shops brightened up, and Kuro made many new acquaintances in smart Parisian red coats and jingling harness. Miss Monkinstall, at the first symptom of a rise in the tariff at the "Trevor," had repaired to another establishment under the same management in Ladbroke Grove, where it might be reasonably expected that Mr. Reeves would put in an appearance before the winter was over. Mr. Mosehurst had embarked on his Nile *dahabeah*, and Dennington Wybrow had settled down to work, and to the nightly receipt of anonymous notes begging him to look at the third row of the dress circle, or the first row of the upper boxes, which ever it might be, at the close of the third Act. Lady Rotherhithe's Sunday lunches were in full swing, and the pleasant early winter London season had begun. Celia had heard no more of Anthony Wareham. She reflected that in their two meetings he had not asked for her address, and though he had asked to paint her, his studio was so well known that the question of where to find him was superfluous. One winter's afternoon, among a pile of notes, invitation cards, circulars, and those inscrutable demands for old clothes and left-off artificial teeth, which no letter-box seems to escape, Celia found the inevitable envelope on the hall table at her flat. She idly scrutinized the writing with its stylographic ink, and little sharp capitals, the t's a mere down-stroke and the words linked together by an impatient hand, and was very angry to feel herself flush as she opened it. "I hope I am not going to develop into a Miss Monkinstall, and end like her favourite pupil who was agitated when she got

letters signed 'yours very sincerely,' " she said to herself as she unfolded the sheet. It was very short.

"Dear Miss Glendale,—I hope you haven't forgotten your promise to come to the Studio and bring the Japanese warrior. Wybrow gave me your address, and I only came back from Paris yesterday, or I should have asked you to let me come and see you. I have no model sitting on Wednesday, so if you are free, will you come at twelve, as the light is so bad after lunch.

"Sincerely yours,

"ANTHONY NORBERT WAREHAM."

Wareham's studio was singularly free from the usual properties; it was at the top of a fine old house in Bloomsbury and contained a few valuable prints, and as a rule no other picture beside the one on which he was at work. The Japanese Bronzes which Kuro was to admire, stood on the delicate old marble mantel-piece, relic of an age when marble was not necessarily vulgar in design, and beyond the platform and easels the large room contained only a large divan, a tea table, and a high closed oak bureau, above which a small crucifix hung on the wall. When Miss Glendale arrived Wareham's largest easel held an almost finished portrait of a child. His favourite effects of light were as convincing as ever: the little sitter looked gravely out from a ring of mellow lamplight, her white dress touched by a single cold ray from a window.

"And where is our Kuro," he asked as they examined the bronzes, "I had a special hankering to compare him with his ancestors."

"He shall come next time," returned Miss Glendale, "to-day he was too shy."

"Well, I've changed my mind about the picture," went on Anthony, "I see it as a new departure from the perpetual Wareham lamplight. Will you come up here?"

He helped her on to the platform and seated her. "I think you would do very well as you are now. Please take off your hat and gloves."

Celia obeyed, and Wareham sketched in silence for some time. In the searching studio light she looked unusually pale; the tell-tale silver gleam on her temple had reappeared. Silence always seemed the most natural accompaniment to their meetings, it seemed always an effort to them both to

launch an ordinary conversation. A tie seemed to exist between them already, as if long ago some great topic had been broached, on which grave pronouncements had been made, and smaller subjects were now out of place. Wareham became absorbed in his work and from time to time looked up at his sitter in the impersonal way which takes in every detail and keeps all speculation out of the gazer's eye. At last the stillness grew electric, and they both stumbled into speech almost at the same time. Miss Glendale asked leave to move her arm, and Anthony entered on a lengthy description of some pictures he had just seen in Paris. He warmed to his subject, and Celia listened, feeling strangely grateful that no remarks were necessary. Wareham had the rare gift of being enthusiastic on his own special topic, without becoming either a pedagogue or an egoist. His boyish freshness of appreciation, so rare in men whose early talent usually makes them dogmatic, and his utter sincerity of speech and opinion, made everything he said seem new; he might have invented not only the theories he advanced, but the manner of expressing them. When the sitting was over, they were both quite at ease, and settled the next appointment with frankly cheerful anticipation. When Miss Glendale had gone, Anthony stood for some time looking down at the fire, holding an unlighted cigarette in his hand, and making no move towards his hat and coat which lay waiting on the divan. It was long past his hour for going to lunch, and the winter sun poured in through the great north window, lighting up every corner of the great bare room. He pulled up his easel, and sat down again before his morning's work, looking critically from every side at his masterly sketch. His expression gradually changed, and his eyes clung to the canvas. His hand again made that gesture towards his breast, which Celia had once seen and failed to understand, and his lips moved. Then he got up, wheeled back his easel and crossed the room to where the high oak bureau stood. He opened it and took out a pocket-book full of sketches of the same unfinished head which faced him on the easel, and looked long and earnestly at each. Presently he closed the pocket-book and aimlessly turned over the other papers on the bureau. He was so deep in thought that his brain no longer commanded his fingers. Then suddenly he looked up at the Crucifix on the wall, and the gleam of earthly passion faded out of his eyes. The gesture which Celia had not understood was now defined as

a Sign of the Cross, which he made deliberately and slowly as he stood in front of the bureau. Then he took his hat and coat, lighted his cigarette, and let himself out of the studio, walking at a brisk pace through the crisp winter air and sunshine.

Miss Glendale was late that day for the *Matinée* of the "Pitfall," but she had seen it on the first night, and to-day the painted women and men jarred on her, as they ambled and mouthed through their parts. The love scene seemed unconvincing though the papers had rung with its extraordinary realism; she shrank from words which seemed to tear a veil from something sacred, and when Lady Rotherhithe, who shared her box, offered to drive her home before the last act, she gladly agreed. The flat looked very inviting when Celia got home; a blazing fire had tempted Kuro to forsake the tea table by which he usually kept an agonized watch, and he lay in a tight black ball on the hearth; the cockatoo was swaying rhythmically from foot to foot on his gilt perch. The neat parlourmaid had the kettle boiling by the time Celia was in her tea gown, and all the scene of the comfortable days of other winters was "set," as stage carpenters say. But Celia did not settle to sleep after tea, or ruminate with Kuro in her arms in the firelight; she opened a book, read a chapter industriously upside down, answered two letters before she remembered that she had already done so once that day, and finally shut herself in the dark room to develop negatives. Photography is a pursuit which allows its votaries no divided allegiance; eyes, thoughts and hands must work together, or the dreamer is abruptly recalled to reality by some catastrophe which effectually brings him into touch with his surroundings. Miss Glendale, being somewhat unusually attired for her occupation in a pink crape tea gown, most inadequately protected by an apron designed to cover short morning skirts, was roused later by a knock at the door and the announcement of dinner, to find herself streaming with chemicals, and in proud possession of two glass negatives in fragments. Her French maid became quite tragic over the condition of the pink train, particularly as it was non-transferable, even when steeped in a solution of hypo-phosphate of soda. Dinner was fragmentary, and Kuro, for once, was allowed to transgress every canon of dog law. He sat on the table at dessert, stole two French chocolates and very nearly sent a finger-bowl full of water over the

second tea gown which Miss Glendale had put on that afternoon.

"*Mais, comme Mademoiselle est distraite aujourd'hui,*" remarked Mélaine at bedtime, "*voilà deux fois qu'elle me demande si Kuro a fait sa promenade.*"

This enormity, coming at the close of the day which had witnessed the ruin of a tea gown and two photographs, caused some commotion in Miss Glendale's modest household. Mélaine repeated her misgivings in English to the parlour-maid and cook; and the chauffeur, who sometimes looked in of an evening with a view to softening the heart of the latter lady, remarked that there was but one explanation.

"What, at her age?" screamed the three women in chorus, "why, Mr. Masters, we always thought you was a man of the world."

CHAPTER V.

THE sittings went on regularly all through the winter, and by March it was clear that the world would be the richer before long by another very fine Wareham portrait. The great Ambrose Clements had been twice to the studio, though his almost invariable rule was never to look at work except in exhibitions or museums, and had delivered favourable judgment. His well-known gesture, when pleased, of passing one hand backwards and forwards under his chin, had enlightened Anthony at once, and the bright grey eyes, before which dishonest dealers and inaccurate reviewers shook in their shoes, twinkled with approbation, as critic and painter stood before the "Lady in a Grey Dress." Mr. Clements had been considered like the Grand Monarque as a young man, and had a certain compelling manner that caused his utterance to remain with his hearers long after his fiat had gone forth. The portrait was a half-length, the sitter held her gloves and grey plumed hat in her lap, and from under one arm peeped the black crushed muzzle of Kuro, his liquid eyes making two diamond points of light in the surrounding sea of grey tones. Celia's face was a triumph of Wareham's peculiar gift; the expression was transient and momentary, yet in the eyes all the pathos of departing youth struggled with awaking love, and the mouth, with its soft shadow marking the place of the vanished dimple, seemed to tremble with unspoken words of surrender. Well might the great Ambrose call the expression of the portrait "disquieting"; this time his well-

known epithet was the only possible one, the picture showed a woman in whom all the powers of heart and soul were only now awaking, a woman only now beginning to learn the alphabet of life, with thirty-seven years irrevocably written in the lines about her eyes and mouth.

When the day of the last sitting came, and there was no longer any pretext for making meetings except in public, Anthony and Celia parted with few words.

"I am going to write you," he said quite simply, "because I have so much to say before I see you again. I won't ask you whether you understand me, because you are not like other women, and I will not doubt myself, or you, before you tell me to."

"Yes," answered Celia, "write and tell me what I know. But remember there is more to say than that; there is much I do not know, and much I fear to hear. Whatever comes, you need doubt nothing."

They looked gravely at each other as they said good-bye, the unspoken still dividing them. The long happy hours of companionship were over, and the new life had not begun. Friendship, daily quickened with the growing sense of a supreme union to come, had taught them to know each other in a sense that perhaps would now be obscured by the victorious presence of openly declared love. When Miss Glendale took her hand from Wareham's, which for the first time held it in a lingering pressure, a vague sense of dread crept into her heart; she was already past analyzing her thoughts, but a tumult of contradictory feelings took possession of her. She was still such an enigma to herself that only the elemental magnetism that had wakened her was intelligible; later she would reason and understand, now she was powerless even to stem the tide which was carrying her along. Wareham's letter came the same night, and the last stagnant hours of Celia's life were over.

"Dearest of all," he wrote, "for that is what you are to me, even if you forbid me telling you so again. I think you know I love you, and I pray God that it may be possible you love me as much. If you do, you will let me try and make you happy. Will you consent to give yourself to me? My work has filled my life till now, and there never seemed a reason why it should not suffice me for ever, until I saw you. Thank God it is clean and fit to offer you, if you will trust yourself to me. As I said to you to-day, you are not like

other women, so I do not write you unreal phrases, and tell you I know I am unworthy of you. I love you beyond everything on earth; no man can give more than his whole heart, and if that is unworthy of you, I do not think you will be the one to tell me so. Perhaps this letter is presumptuous; if you think so, forgive me. And when you send me my forgiveness, give me an answer and tell me I may come to you and hear you say you love me. Till then God bless and protect you. Anthony."

He got his answer, he came, and Celia had her perfect hour. It was not until some days later that she produced her carefully pondered objections; it was so sweet to her to hear them overthrown, that she forgot they really existed outside her imagination.

"But I really am six years older than you," she said, "do you remember I told you so the second time I saw you? And no young painter ought to hamper himself with domestic cares."

"You speak as if I were going to buy the dinner and cook it afterwards," he said laughingly, "I warn you that I have no idea of being 'hampered.' You have seen more of my studio than you ever will again, I expect; and as for Kuro, if he puts his nose inside it, he shall be made into a dish for which his country is so celebrated."

"How ungrateful, when we have been your greatest success, and you are going to give me 'The Lady in the Grey Dress' as a wedding present!"

"Am I indeed? Ambrose Clements says he hopes the Lychgate bequest will buy it; he calls it the best portrait since Noir's *Dame aux Pervenches*, and you think I'm going to hang it up in your drawing room for Mrs. Temperley and Mrs. Catesby-Durham to criticize, while Miss Monkininstall offers suggestions for a red plush mount."

"Mrs. Temperley and Mrs. Durham do not exhaust my entire list of acquaintances, and dear Monkininstall will probably break off the friendship of a life-time, when she hears I am engaged to marry a Papist."

(To be continued.)

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

The Church Congress and the Divorce Question.

IN view of the active campaign now being carried on for extending the grounds for divorce, and facilitating the procedure for obtaining it, it was inevitable that the question should be discussed at the recent Church Congress. The discussion might, too, have been of inestimable service to the moral welfare of the country, could the imposing body of Anglican Churchmen who gathered at Southampton have been induced to speak out with insistent and unanimous voice for the maintenance of the Christian law of indissolubility. A pronouncement to this effect might have failed to gain over the needful majority of our legislators, but it would have made a deep impression on the religious minds who have influence in the country. Unfortunately, though the national Church can count many, both among its clergy and laity, who are sound and in earnest on this point, their voice is invariably neutralized by perhaps equal numbers who care very little indeed for the authority of either Bible or Church, and yet have as recognized a status in their Church as those of the opposite side. So it was at Southampton.

The Bishop of Lewes was among the orthodox and read a truly fine paper on the four objects which constitute the ideal of marriage, and necessitate that law of indissolubility to which, whilst investing it with a sacramental dignity, our Lord recalled it, namely, the creation of life, the perfecting of Christian fellowship, the full development of Christian love, and the completeness and harmony of human nature. One point in this paper was so well put that we must take liberty to transcribe the passage:

First and foremost [among the objects of marriage] stands the founding of the family, the continuity of the human race, the

wonderful and mysterious privilege given to man and woman by God, of sharing with Him in the power of creating life. . . . There is no dignity to which men and women can attain higher than this. There is no degradation so terrible as the refusal to carry out God's purposes in the creation of life. *Corruptio optimi pesima.*

One would have liked Bishop Burrows to go a step further, and meet the objection that there is agreement about the ideal but the difficulty is how to deal with marriages one or both of the parties to which by their evil conduct live for the subversion of that ideal rather than for its fulfilment. Still this deficiency was supplied later on by Mr. G. T. Talbot, K.C., who claimed the teaching of experience, in regard to divorce legislation, as showing that between absolute indissolubility and dissolubility at the pleasure of the parties there can be halting places only, but no final goal.

Mr. Lacey, who followed the Bishop of Lewes, was not so satisfactory. Though in language unnecessarily abstruse, he drew the right distinction between laws which merely enforce accepted social conventions and laws which enforce and protect "natural facts," and he claimed the Church's law of indissolubility for the second category. But he went so far as to allow that the State may have a marriage law reasonably differing from that of the Church and even opposing it; and he cited in illustration of this principle the irrelevant case of the Royal Marriage Act, in virtue of which the State ignores marriages contracted without the Sovereign's consent, though the Church for spiritual purposes recognizes them. For the State to treat such marriages as insufficient to confer the rights and privileges of royal descent on the non-royal party and on the issue of their union is reasonable; for it to treat these marriages as null and void in themselves so as to leave the parties free to contract other marriages—as was done in sanctioning the marriage of George IV. with Queen Caroline, during the lifetime of Mrs. Fitzherbert—is altogether unjustifiable. Mr. Lacey also laid down some principles as to the impropriety of the Tridentine decree of clandestinity and of a supposed exercise by the Catholic Church of a dispensing power for re-marriage after divorce, which, as coming from him, were astounding. It may be that he has been misreported, but his words as they stand savour of one-sided study.

We have already referred to a point in Mr. G. T. Talbot's

speech, but this speech as a whole deserves to be commended for its straightforward and uncompromising Christian tone, and its sound wisdom.

Consider [he said] the immorality and absurdity of the present law. A woman is not allowed to change her husband because she wishes to marry another man. So long as she keeps her marriage vow the law does nothing for her. But let her begin by committing adultery with the man she prefers, and all is made easy for her. . . . A great proportion of the scandal and evil of the present law of divorce could be removed by this simple reform [of prohibiting this species of re-marriage].

The Bishop of Southampton took much the same view as Mr. Lacey, granting the necessity of a State divorce law, but vehemently repudiating any tampering with her own law of absolute indissolubility on the part of his Church. He fell, unfortunately, into the inconsistency of tolerating the practice of giving communion to the innocent party in a divorce—for, if divorce is by Divine law impossible, the innocent party by his or her attempted remarriage ceases to be innocent. Still it was difficult for Bishop McArthur to avoid this inconsistency, seeing that it was formally sanctioned and recommended by the whole body of Anglican Bishops in their Conference of 1908. And at all events he was prepared to stand by any clergyman whose conscience constrained him to refuse communion in such cases.

The last paper on Marriage was read by Dr. Hensley Henson. It will be remembered that he was one of the small group of Anglican divines whose exegetical pronouncements on the crucial texts in the Gospel gave the Majority Report its pretext for declining to take the law of Christ as the suitable basis for a civil marriage law. At the Southampton Congress he came forward gaily with the confident assertion that there is no clear evidence for the existence of any Christian law of marriage; that "a plain man may be pardoned if in such a maze of dubiety he cuts the Gordian knot by accepting the law of the land as sufficiently authoritative for his guidance"; and that Christianity must be held to affect marriage "not by a rigid and, as experience has shown to demonstration, impracticable law of indissolubility, but by its exaltation of human nature." This was to surrender freely all that the Christian Church has ever valued in the matrimonial bond—for an ideal the departure from which is

so readily condoned is no ideal at all. Yet the right of Dr. Henson to be accounted a representative voice speaking for the communion to which he belongs is conspicuously clear just now, after his recent appointment to the Deanery of Durham—an appointment, it must be remembered, due not merely to his nomination by the Crown, but to his institution by Bishop Handley Moule, the leader of the Evangelical party.

In his closing words, which terminated this discussion on the Marriage Law, the Bishop of Winchester, the President of the Congress, "hoped the Congress had contributed something towards an instructed opinion on this difficult subject." Is it excessive to say that for us it has contributed only an additional proof that the Catholic Church must look solely to herself to bear witness in this land to the sanctity of Christian Marriage?

S. F. S.

Invocation or Comprecation.

At Southampton during the recent Church Congress, the Bishop of London preached a sermon on the Invocation of Saints. That of itself was an event of some significance, for he treated the practice of invoking the prayers of the saints with a certain degree of sympathy, a thing which no previous Bishop of London, from the Reformation downwards, would have ventured to do. But not so long ago Bishop Ingram paid a visit to Russia, where he conversed on reunion with some of the Russian clergy and was struck with the importance they attached to invocation of saints. Accordingly, after first stipulating that Anglicans can never give up—as indeed they will never be asked to give up—their "faith in Jesus Christ as the one Mediator between God and Man," he sets himself to consider the arguments for or against Invocation of Saints, and with that object takes as the ablest exponents of the former the Rev. H. R. Percival, Bishop Forbes of Brechin, and Dr. Darwell Stone, and of the latter Bishop Wordsworth, late of Salisbury, and "a strong and well-known Anglo-Catholic" whose name he withholds. It did not occur to him to go also direct to the works of some competent Catholic authority, who treats the whole subject systematically, and the inferences he draws suffer from that omission. Still he gets from Dr. Forbes and Dr. Darwell

Stone an array of passages from the writings of the leading Fathers, from the fourth century downwards, in which invocation of saints, in most unmistakable terms, is to be found, and a few of these—from St. Gregory of Nyssa and Gregory of Nazianzus, from St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and St. Jerome—he cites in his sermon. In view of passages so clear and so numerous, “it cannot be doubted” to use Bishop Forbes’s words, “that in the latter part of the fourth century the great Fathers who secured and transmitted our Faith, practised and taught” this mode of holding communion with the saints.

What then is the Bishop’s final conclusion? “What I do plead for” he says, “is a greater prominence given to the truth which we profess to hold when we say I believe in the communion of saints. . . . We recognize the fellowship of the saints in our praise. . . . Why should we not have in the new supplement to the Prayer-Book some form of comprecation which shall recognize more fully their fellowship in prayer. . . . What a cheer to us all, as we struggle and fight on, to hear by faith the cheers and encouragement and rely upon the sympathy and prayers of those who have gone before!” By “comprecation” he means what Dr. Darwell Stone defines as “praying to God to receive benefit by means of the prayers of the saints”—that is, we may address our prayers to God and ask Him to have regard to such prayers as the saints on their own initiative may address to Him, but we must be careful not to address the saints themselves, so as to move them to pray for us.

For he sticks at invocation. He quotes with evident approval the words of the “strong and well-known Anglo-Catholic” who objects to the use of *Ora pro nobis* as not “primitive” [though his own quotations from the Fathers prove that at least we have evidence of it as far back as the fourth century]; as started in a polytheistic atmosphere from which it has never been wholly free [an unwarranted assumption that is dead against the facts]; as condemned by our ignorance as to whether the saints addressed can hear us, and at all events only tolerable when “addressed to saints familiar with the conditions of the worshipper asking for a continuance of prayer, not *e.g.*, to those of the past, the great apostles”; as a practice lending itself to abuse, the people generally being incapable of distinguishing between prayers for the intercession of the saints and prayers for their direct

help, and becoming "mechanical" when engaged in the "mere recitation of unmeaning names" [that is in the recitation of the Litany of the Saints]. To which objections from the "well-known Anglo-Catholic," the Bishop adds one of his own, that "the greatest danger in the revival of the custom lies in the way in which one saint out of many—namely, the Blessed Virgin Mary—has been given a status out of all proportion to others."

But surely these objections are not very formidable. If the saints pray for us who are still fighting for our crown, their prayers must be based on a knowledge of our state sufficient to stir their sympathy, if the Communion of Saints is to be a practical reality at all; and if they have knowledge of our state sufficient to stir their sympathy what is there in our appeals for their intercession which should separate these from the other elements in our state to which their knowledge extends? Nor is there any serious difficulty in understanding how this knowledge of our state can come to them. The Bishop must have seen, for Dr. Darwell Stone cites it, a passage from St. Thomas of Aquin¹ who declares it to be "manifest that [the saints] know *in the Word* the desires, the devotions, and prayers, of the men who seek their aid. . . . The thoughts of men's hearts God alone knows through Himself; but others know of them in so far as they are revealed to them either through the vision of the Word, or in some other manner." Moreover, if it is through this supreme channel that their knowledge of our state comes to them, it is too grotesque to suppose that it is knowledge not going beyond what they knew personally of their clients whilst on earth.

The suggestion that "people generally" cannot distinguish between asking for the intercessions of the saints and asking for their direct aid, could only occur to an outsider who has no intimate acquaintance with the mentality of the [Catholic] "people generally." They know perfectly well how to distinguish, indeed would find it much harder not to distinguish, between the two things; and the "they" here includes "the majority of those in the Middle Ages who used these devotions," and even the modern Sicilians whose worship the Bishop sets down as "a thinly-veiled paganism." The misapprehension of those who think with him on this point is that they overlook the *caveat* which Dr. Darwell Stone quotes from Bellarmine: "When we say that nothing

¹ *Summa Theol.*, Suppl. lxxii. 1.

ought to be sought from the Saints except that they pray for us, we are not treating about words but about the sense of the words. For as far as words go, it is lawful to say 'Saint Peter, have mercy on me, save me, open the gates of heaven, or give me health of body, give patience, give fortitude, &c., provided we understand. Save me and have mercy upon me by praying for me.'¹ Is it not natural that we should use this freedom of language secure in the consciousness that our Lord and our brethren will perfectly understand us, and even revel in it to the kindling of our devotion, instead of straining the life out of it by cribbing and cramping it within the rigid forms of pedantic precision which are proper only to official documents?

And as to the suggestion that the reciting of the Litany of the Saints by persons to whom their names are unmeaning becomes mechanical. Has the "well-known Anglo-Catholic" forgotten that this is the very charge which has been brought against all fixed forms of prayer, for instance, against the Anglican Book of Common Prayer by Presbyterians and Dissenters? The obvious answer is that the tendency to become mechanical can and should be resisted; and that, if the language of the fixed prayers, *e.g.*, of the Psalms, is often above the comprehension of the less educated classes, it is far better that they should be educated up to it than that the standard of liturgical language should be lowered. And this principle is eminently applicable to the Litany of the Saints which, in its ordered invocation of every class and variety of angels and saints, is the response of the Church on earth to that vision of the Church above described so strikingly in the very passage from the Epistle to the Hebrews which the Bishop took for his text.

That to our Blessed Lady should be ascribed a status in Catholic devotion out of all proportion to other saints is only becoming. She does transcend them all. If to any of our critics we seem by thus exalting her to place her on an equality, or quasi-equality, with her divine Son, it is not that we conceive too highly of her, but that they think too lowly of Him. It is not in our Church that there is or ever was a danger of the unique majesty and office of the One Mediator being under-estimated.

S. F. S.

¹ Cf. also *Cat. Conc. Trid.*, iv., vi.

Two Colour Poets.

In Mr. Martin Armstrong's *Merchant from the East* (*British Review*, October, 1913, p. 88) I came upon these significant lines:

I bring you
Colour out of the East, a lustrous banquet
For eye and soul that sits behind the eye.
I traffic with the sun,—barter with him
For all his scale of colours :—ringing sharps
Of scarlet, blue and orange; rich concords
Of mellow flats, deep-rosed or golden-noted,
Or murmuring evening-hushed, soft-muted down
To warm and dusky violet.

Here is colour made the more gorgeous by its wedlock with its true mate, music. Each gives substantial meaning and splendour to the other. Deep calls to deep.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street* lifted me throughout to so high a level of intoxicated delight, that the possibility of pleasurable shocks was rare. However, on p. 433, Michael in love waits for Wednesday: "Wednesday—the very word said slowly had a rich individuality. . . . Monday was dull red. Tuesday was cream-coloured. Thursday was dingy purple. Friday was a harsh scarlet, but Wednesday was vivid apple-green, or was it a clean, cool blue? One or the other."

Since, last April I think, I read in the *British Review* an article on *Colour-Hearing*, in which it was argued that association of ideas could, in the mind of one whose colour-sense was acute, link colours to all manner of other sensations, or to names, or places, or moods, I have seemed to light upon the discussion of this topic in all the musical and many of the general magazines I have opened; and always I have preferred the direct assertions and dogmas of those to whom this fact means much to the mechanical and chemical experiments, elaborately scientific, which are being everywhere made, but especially, it seems, in Germany, Australia, America and Russia.

That, perhaps, is one reason why I like *Sinister Street* so much. I have read and reread it; once entirely for the sake of its colour adjectives. Mr. Mackenzie has forgotten nothing. From babyhood he remembers how he was made to plait horrible "shining strips of chocolate and yellow paper" into bookmarkers (does he recall the others, which,

I know, were purple and sea-green?); and from boyhood, the very edges of Henty, which were "olivine"¹: and again, the colours chosen for the sports—how Michael appeared "in violet running-drawers and primrose-bordered vest. The twin Macalisters ran in cerise and *eau-de-nil*, while the older Macalister wore ultramarine and mauve. . . . Rodber looked dangerously swift in black and yellow. . . ." These ghastly recollections came to the poor lad, not through his own fault, but his elders', or convention's. . . For the baby Michael loved to hold the blue cornflowers which the baby Stella liked just to pull to bits. . . . Follow the blue note through the book, and you will see how it influences Michael. Stella's eyes were blue, and so were Lily's, the dusky blue (surely?) of the Mazarin Blue Butterfly, not to be captured. Read, in chapters 15 and 16, of the conflict between Greek grey, and blue; and how the grey eyes, once, chilled into rocks. There is the azure summer term; there are the thin blue skies of autumn, and all the blues of shadowy Oxford: and with these, in a Michael's life (to my mind) goes the scale of silvers and of yellows. As a baby, he had loved the amber afternoons; and later, the amber hours of cricket: he lived through the tremulous golden airs of afternoon and topaz eves; not for nothing were Pale Clouded Yellows, and Silver-washed Fritillaries his favourite butterflies—though all one page is gorgeous with the black and creamy and orange-scarlet colours of the Tiger-moth. One glory are the pictures of the garden at Cobble Place, with its September roses (copper and ivory and unwonted tints are spoken of) or its spring flowers; exquisite, all the chapter, "Pastoral."²

But the world can pass, through the gold, into milk-white autumn mornings, and thence into darker shades. True, there are "silver" nights, and "fragrant hours" in which tulips stand dark beneath the moon: but there can be, too, the brooding sky over the "hectic city"; and even the grey October, and Lily's lavender skirt, and the dull red fire make a picture which may be charming, but hints at melancholy. The decadent's house shows colour prostituted to the service of sick nerves: the birds of the hall-paper in Carrington Road

¹ Alas! why are his own edges a racketty vermillion?

² What is it that jars, on p. 183? Possibly just the unusual word *voles*; and that, perhaps, merely because it reminds me of Mr. Vholes in *Bleak House*. In the lovely picture of p. 357 I don't like the islands "grey as mice." Into an exquisite incandescence of sunset a dank mouse is thrust . . . Yet what hard work have I had to find flaws in *Sinister Street*!

were just crude to Michael's baby eyes; one night, they were to borrow tints from hell, until a different love redeemed them into birds of Paradise.

A simpler but constant joy were the signal-lights, green and crimson, and the flashing trains: Mr. Mackenzie touches too with magic the humblest things—the faded green bed-curtain: the wickets, a golden trio in the sunlight; the keyboard, fathomlessly flickering beneath the candles. Compiègne and Châtilion—here are unforgettable pictures—but, like the *Ingoldsby Legends* for Michael, the whole book has its "colour," not to be mistaken, nor (how we hope it!) misinterpreted.

Colour-love is here spontaneous; so too, perhaps, in Mr. Armstrong's poem: but there it is also a part of a thesis. The Bard told the melancholy Lady to sing, to live free, to joy in earth and leave duty and ideal alone. The Friar bade her work, set beauty to one side, deny the loveliness flung forth by God like manna over a starving world: she *has* duties, but none to her own soul: only to God. The Merchant comes and unrolls his marvellous tapestries; the dim green of the "Pasture"; the purple, blue, golden, and green of the "Wings in the Wood"; the black and silver and amber of the sighing silken "Pond beneath the Moon"; the dim violet of "Night-fall" with which he quenches the luxuriant hues of "Southern Vintage." Then the casement is flung wide, an ocean of sunset streams in, and God walks upon the waters. The sky trumpets forth the holiness of beauty. The Lady leaves the selfishness of the Bard and the subtler selfishness (Mr. Armstrong will have it) of the Friar, for the unhalved, "human" life. . . . We do not grudge it to her—even though what she saw were sunset, and not the dawn. . . . Yes, most certainly, our need is to have life, and to have it more abundantly. Most surely, the selfish, sensual life is a halved and dwindled life; and there is an asceticism which halves life no less—the Manichæan ideal, or the Buddhist—even when the Buddha renounces, for his fellow's sake, the benefits themselves of renunciation, and becomes a "Buddha of Compassion." But for all that there is a *vita abundantior*, a richer self-expression, nay, self-multiplication, which the grain may reach only when it has fallen into the ground and died. Else, it abides, but "abideth alone." Thus the Christian ideal is inclusive, and more inclusive than the humanistic; for what things it renounces, it abandons only in their naked, separ-

ate selfhood: it recovers them in, and fulfilled with, God. "All things forsake thee, who forsakest Me." But to the Christian, Paul can cry, "All things are yours." When the Saint saw the flower, and fell into an ecstasy of divine love, it was not that she forgot the flower, or eliminated it, or theorized about it, but saw *in it* a most glorious dawning of a far more glorious vision, and *this* she gained without losing *that*. She fled no beauty, but, exulting in the less, would not stop there, but took it with her into the greater. Not, then, a Friar should have been chosen by Mr. Armstrong to typify, in his wonderfully beautiful poem, the philosophy of a renunciation suicidal even when accepted for the sake of fellow-men. St. Francis, I presume, was the Friar-prototype. Not *he* shut his eyes to limpid brook or golden sun, nor his ears to bird and wind in the trees and to Nature's hymn! What more glorious with jewel-work than the bridal City of St. John's Apocalypse? And what more spiritual than the St. Gertrude, who, nun as she was, so joyed in harmony that in her "revelations" the very convent walls, the altars, the candles, the priestly vestments break into singing, and the golden feathers of Angels' wings wave musically into praise?

N. K.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

**Usury
and
Interest.**

AKIN to the practice of paying starvation wages because the victim must accept them or starve is that of the usurer who exacts exorbitant interest as a condition of relieving the straits of his clients. The paper on "The Church and the Money-lender" in the current issue should be useful in clearing up a question in regard to which, owing to changed industrial conditions, moral ideas have become somewhat confused. Attempts are being made by certain Catholic writers in Germany to show that modern Catholic teaching in tolerating or approving the taking of interest for money lent has somewhat degenerated from the purer doctrine of the Middle Ages and that it is now the duty of the Church to revert to the severe prohibitions which have long been abrogated. How the Church could have sanctioned a practice which is assumed to be unlawful, without forfeiting her title to be an infallible guide in morals, these writers do not pause to explain. As Fr. Irwin's paper shows, the Church's doctrine

on this matter has never changed and never can change. In the words of Devas (*Polit. Econ.*, p. 414) :

The essential wrongfulness of making profit without labour, risk or responsibility from the property of others, of claiming an increase from what is essentially barren, of turning the simplicity or distress of others to one's own gain, has been maintained by the Church from her foundation to this day.

This is a case where practice is surely a token of belief. The financial support of the work of the Church is everywhere very largely maintained by income derived from various sorts of investments. If the various modern titles justifying interest are unsound, what becomes of her claim as the guardian of the moral law?

**The
Modern
Shylock.**

No doubt such reasoners are distressed at the frightful prevalence in our day of usury properly so called, and are anxious to enlist the active co-operation of the Church in combatting it. As we have seen, the Church does denounce this practice as a gross form of injustice. The difficulty is that civil legislation in this matter lags greatly behind the dictates of morality, and it is still "legal" to commit all sorts of deception in dealing with borrowers. The money-lenders seem mainly to rely upon the ignorance or simplicity of their clients. It argues badly for the average middle-class proficiency in arithmetic that borrowers seem unable to translate lenders' terms into percentage per annum. The notorious Isaac Gordon confessed to charging 3,000 per cent., and once, at least, extracted 5,000 per cent.! But the law in this, and in many other matters, is still clogged and beclouded by the false political economy of Bentham and Mill, which has brought such untold misery upon the industrial classes. In 1854, owing to their teaching, all existing laws against usury were swept away as undue restrictions on the liberty of citizens. The resulting abuses were such that, after a Parliamentary Committee on the subject, a Money-lenders' Act was passed in 1900, which compelled the registration of money-lenders and permitted the Courts, on appeal, to examine into the conditions of the contract and annul any which they deemed "harsh and unconscionable." As the law already allowed the moneylender to sue in Court for the recovery of his loan, it would seem only reasonable that it should also determine whether the conditions of the contract were fair. This Act has not succeeded in seriously checking the rapacity of the usurer. In December last, an English judge declared that the exaction of 175 per cent. on a loan of £55 was not, in the circumstances, "harsh and unconscionable."

In a *Times* correspondence in July last on proposals of fresh

legislation, several money-lenders entered the lists in defence of their infamous trade. And the defence amounted to this, that the risks are enormous, and honest borrowers must be made to pay for bankrupts and defaulters! The idea that their practices are intrinsically fraudulent did not seem to occur to these Shylocks, otherwise they would hardly plead that others' ill-doing justified theirs. Meanwhile, a new Bill proposed by Lord Newton was crowded out, and the usurer still flourishes, as every clergyman's wastepaper basket testifies.

Ulster Fanaticism.

That there is not a *Kulturkampf* at present raging in Ireland is no fault of the Presbyterian body in that country. The Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Ireland

[what must it have been before it was reformed!] which met in August, published a protest against Home Rule which deserves to rank as a classic specimen of "Ulsteria"; it began as follows:

It will be for ever impossible to fight Home Rule successfully as long as it is contended or admitted that the Romanists and other open enemies of the true religion ought to have political power. We regard the so-called Catholic Emancipation Act as the "first plague spot" of the Home Rule evil. From the time of the passing of the Act, which gave the Romanists the franchise, dates the beginning of their power to threaten the liberties of the Protestants of Ireland. . . . Home Rule is no part of the policy or of the political programme of either Liberals or Conservatives. It is the policy of the Jesuits and the Vatican.

And so on and so forth. The blind fanaticism which breathes in these words and which would deny to a whole people in the interests of a dwindling sect the rights of citizens in their own land was echoed on "Ulster Day," Sunday, September 28, from many Protestant pulpits in the Province, including those occupied by "Church of Ireland" prelates. But the Presbyterians were not content with their domestic protest. On October 14 there appeared an appeal on behalf of the "General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland" to the "Free Churches of England and Wales" couched in the same wild strain of panic-stricken bigotry and based on the like falsehood and intolerance. It would not be easy to decide, for instance, which of the following assertions is the more ludicrously untrue. Speaking of Catholics the document describes them as those "who are bound by the faith they profess to do the will of the foreign rulers of their Church in all things secular as well as religious." And then this strange manifesto concludes: "We ask no favour. We have no ascendancy—we never had—and we seek none." Thus is history read through Orange-tinted spectacles.

**What
Orangeism
stands for.**

For it is in the Orange Society, of which the Protestant primate is a prominent official, that this spirit of crude intolerance finds its full expression. The assumption that their conflicting man-made creeds are each the pure embodiment of God's word and that those who dare to profess any other should be penalized and outlawed in consequence, goes far beyond the "pretensions" of the most absolute of Papists. It would be better for the peace and well-being of the Empire if this spirit were seen to be what it really is—a perpetual source of discord and disunion—by those who rule the State and by the public at large. It is a spirit which is everywhere repudiated and denounced by those who are free from its influence. Were it banished from Ulster to-day nine-tenths of the bitterness engendered by the present political strife would disappear. We have cited already¹ the opinion of *The Times* of 1813 concerning Orangeism, an opinion which *The Times* of 1913 has not apparently the courage or enlightenment to reiterate. We may supplement that telling indictment by an extract from the *Edinburgh Review* of 1836, which might very well figure as an account of present-day dispositions in Ulster.

It may be objected that many of its proceedings are so silly that they can scarcely be dangerous. But this is a mistake. The Orangemen, and more especially the Irish Orangemen, have had a firm and fierce faith in the truth and righteousness and utility of their pernicious institution. Founded on principles of exclusiveness and insolence, they have believed themselves to be meek and charitable; existing as a privileged minority amongst a conquered and oppressed population, they have considered themselves the injured and offended; combining against, or acting beyond, the law, they have thought themselves the most loyal of subjects; and reprobating bigotry, they have been at best but the bigoted persecutors of imputed bigotry. There are many too who have entered and used the association as a stepping-stone to power and connection, or who have seen in it an engine well fitted for securing that ascendancy in Church and State which has been a fruitful source of ascendancy in patronage and pelf to them and their party.

Such, we venture to say, are the convictions of all observers who have a competent knowledge of Irish history. Is it lack of that knowledge or mere party prejudice that prevents the expression of these convictions by papers which foster by silence, if not by positive approval, the growth of religious intolerance in Ulster?

¹ July, 1913, p. 93.

The
Popular
Mandate.

The dispassionate observer of current politics, from his lofty position on the fence, cannot fail to notice how thoroughly the false democratic ideal of Rousseau has been accepted by politicians of every shade. The main points at issue between the two chief parties at the moment is whether the principle of Home Rule for Ireland has been submitted to the people, and, if so, has been accepted or rejected by them, the inference, of course, being that a distinct popular mandate is all that is required to make any policy justifiable. There is no question, it appears, of justice or even of expediency. Any measure which is called for by the country at large must be passed. This is the political theory to which both Tory and Radical, as judged by their utterances, pay unquestioned homage. Of course it is a mere theory. There is no such thing as a popular mandate, no machinery for ascertaining or voicing it. A General Election is fought on a medley of confused issues: its result, no doubt, represents in a vague fashion the views of the larger portion of that fraction of the electorate, itself consisting of a bare sixth of the whole population, which has energy enough to go to the poll; but it is the Government in power, not the people, that settles the legislative programme, and the Government arranges its programme with little thought of popular mandates. It is characteristic of the conventionality of party politics that all these facts are left out of sight, whilst our politicians speak as though they were addressing the Athenian Demos and expected its immediate guidance in the conduct of affairs. No doubt "government by consent" is achieved in a negative sort of way. No law can be enforced if the large majority of the citizens object to it, simply from lack of the means of enforcing it. But democracy considered as "the rule of the people by the people" is an unattainable ideal—and we may add an undesirable one. Even the *Daily News* was lately constrained to admit—"The essential principle of democracy is government by the fit"!

Noblesse
Oblige!

It is interesting to observe that an effort on a very large scale is going to be made in England to secure that as many citizens as possible shall be fit to govern. In January of last year an association was established called the "Cavendish Club" which put before its members as a practical aim some form of social service. The success of this appeal has now emboldened its promoters to organize a series of meetings in various large centres "with the object of impressing upon public school and university men throughout the country their duties and responsibilities as citizens in the matter of national, civic and social service." We wish all success to their efforts: anything that serves

to bring home to the well-to-do and the leisured that their superfluous time and money were given to them, not for their own gratification, but in trust for the service of the community, will be in furtherance of the Christian ideals, and will remove one of the most dangerous of social maladies—the existence of the idle rich. It is also interesting to note that Catholics have long ago, with the slender means at their disposal, been labouring towards the same end. The "Catholic Social Guild" was founded five years ago precisely to arouse amongst the faithful this social sense, this desire to serve the community according to individual capacity in return for the benefits which life in society confers. And in pursuance of this object, taking the citizen at an earlier stage than does the Cavendish Association, it aims at introducing into our schools and colleges, by means of its *First Notions of Social Service: Primer of Social Science*, and similar literature, a sense of citizenship which should bear good and lasting fruit hereafter.

**The Failure
of
Elementary
Education.**

When late last century the State in England realized that owing to disorganized social and industrial conditions very many of its citizens had long been growing up without effective education and were therefore a menace to its well-being, it took up the business, as it were, of teaching school, tentatively at first and by way of supplementing what was already being done by voluntary agencies under the influence of the different creeds. It has now been at the profession for over forty years, and from the position of co-operation with the Churches in the work, it has gradually assumed the entire control of it and now acts as though it merely tolerated the voluntary schools until such time as it could do without them. However, in this the State has shown itself more courageous than wise: lacking experience and disdaining instruction it has made a mess of things; it has sought to do a spiritual work by mechanical means: consequently "The Failure of our Educational System"—the title of a paper read by Principal Griffiths before the British Association in September—expresses a generally admitted fact. The State has never had any consistent ideal before it: it has thrust into a secondary place what religious teachers always put into the forefront, viz., development of character, and it has endeavoured to raise to a common standard of intellectual attainment minds of the most varied capacities without much regard to the after careers of their owners. But neglect of technical education is not so serious as want of moral training. Whatever be a person's abilities and prospects it is essential to give him character, to teach him to follow reason and principle rather than impulse or desire. Now the State, profiting by the blunders of half-a-century, shows signs

of realizing that, as Ruskin says, "Education is not teaching people to know what they do not know, but to behave as they do not behave." Once that fact is grasped then the absurdity called secular education is seen in its true light. Education must be moral, and there is no effective morality without religion.

**Sex
Hygiene.** There is one subject not included in elementary school syllabuses which certain "eugenists" and others seem anxious to put there, and that is what is called "sex-hygiene." Now, as shown

very clearly by Fr. Thomas Gerrard in his admirable book, *The Church and Eugenics*, the Catholic Church gives to all her children very clear and definite instructions on matters relating to sex. It is not her fault, but that of parent or confessor or teacher, if the Catholic child reaches puberty without being fully aware of the serious consequences to soul and body of allowing the sexual appetite to pass out of the control of faith-illumined reason. There is nothing vague about her doctrine of purity: she formally proclaims that all deliberate offences, even in thought, against this virtue are grave sins. And so her children believe, and in that belief they find, if they will, security. For she supplies, not only light for the mind by her teaching, but also grace through her Sacraments to strengthen the will. But that teaching is not conveyed to them to the detriment of natural modesty. Her teachers do not expound physiological facts in public before immature and impressionable minds at various stages of moral development. She lays stress upon the spiritual character and consequences of sin, as the ultimate and most effective deterrent. Further knowledge proper to the adolescent, she maintains, is best transmitted personally by the natural or spiritual guardians of the children at a time suggested by each individual case. She condemns then with all the weight of her experience in religious psychology the practice, which seems to be making headway in the States, of giving children common instruction in these delicate matters. That instruction is meant to make good the defects of the Godless public schools which have become serious enough to cause grave alarm, but little knowledge of human nature is needed to indicate that more is needed to curb human passion than knowledge of evil physical consequences; else why are there drunkards? Fr. N. P. Bell, S.J., in a dissection of the report of "The Special Committee on the Matter and Methods of Sex Education presented before the Sub-Section on Sex Hygiene of the Fifteenth International Congress on Hygiene and Demography" has very ably exposed the fallacies and ignorance which underlie all these proposals,¹ whilst Fr. R. H. Tierney, S.J., put the plain elemental facts of the

¹ See *America*, August 23, 1913.

matter before the "Fourth International Congress of Sex Hygiene" in an address which lacked nothing in eloquence and force. We cannot but think that the dictates of reason and experience thus admirably enforced will do something to check the rash experiments that are being made. One can admit the high moral purpose of many of their advocates, but these latter have broken with the tradition of the Church, and are merely trying with wholly inadequate means to solve problems which she has long ago analyzed and answered.

**The Catholic
Congress
of America.**

The same effect will doubtless result from the strongly-worded resolution passed by the Federation of American Catholic Societies assembled at Milwaukee in August. This Federation corresponds to the National Catholic Congress in England, and its activities cover a large field of domestic and foreign interest. From the various resolutions proposed and carried one might almost deduce a complete scheme of social reform: that dealing with the public teaching of sex-hygiene is thus expressed:

"We regard with abhorrence the introducing into the schools the study of sex hygiene. We look upon it as a mischievous and immoral proposal destined inevitably to defeat the very purpose which its well-meaning but ill-advised advocates have in view."¹

It would be well, we consider, for these two Catholic Congresses, in England and in the States, to enter into more intimate relations with each other. The dangers which confront Christian civilization in both countries are very similar, and the remedies suggested by Christian belief are also alike. The magnificent address pronounced by Archbishop Ireland on the subject of Catholic Citizenship is full of valuable lessons for British, no less than for American, Catholics.

**The Clergy
and
Social Work.**

We have Apostolic precedent for declaring that it is not meet for ministers of the Word to neglect their calling in order to minister at tables.

In other words, the cure of souls, as far as the Church's organization is concerned, is of more importance than the care of bodies. Still it is surprising how much the clergy in every land managed to accomplish in the way of social betterment. At the recent Anglican Church Congress held at Southampton frank and cordial appreciation was expressed by Mr. Charles Bathurst, M.P., of the wonderful work accomplished for the peasantry of Belgium by the Catholic clergy of that land.

The extraordinary agricultural development of Belgium and, through it the increasing spiritual influence of

¹ See *America*, August 23, pp. 478, *seqq.*, where a complete list of the resolutions are printed.

the clergy, were due to the fact that the latter had not held themselves aloof from the industrial interests and workaday lives of their humble neighbours.¹

And the speaker went on to show that similar results had followed clerical stimulus in Italy, Holland and other European countries. Similar testimony concerning Belgium is given by Mr. Francis M'Cullagh in the July *Dublin Review*, where he describes the great Belgian Strike and incidentally the character and work of the man who more than any other single force broke and defeated it, the Dominican, Père Rutten. This remarkable man, who after his ordination worked as a miner for three years in order to gain first-hand experience, has organized Catholic industrial Belgium in such a fashion that a "general strike" has become an impossibility. Yet he is indefatigable in promoting the lawful interests of the workman, and many a Catholic employer, ill-instructed as to Christian principles, has learnt from strikes organized by Père Rutten that Pope Leo's Encyclicals on Labour are not mere verbiage.

The Westminster Version of the Scriptures Certain misconceptions concerning the "Westminster Version of the Scriptures" are still discernible in the various reviews of the first section, which have appeared since we last wrote about it. The Editors' express aim is to produce a version which may be read with ease, intelligence, and pleasure by the Catholic lay-folk of average education, and at the same time may help the student to a fuller understanding of the sacred text. The introductions, arrangement of the text, notes and appendices are carefully framed with a view to this double end. Yet in the case of Thessalonians I., II. one critic objects to the marginal chapter and verse numbers, although they are absolutely essential for the student, and to the highly controversial matter in the appendix, which was written precisely because the matter is somewhat obscure and therefore controversial, whilst another thinks that further learned discussions, on points of authenticity, &c., are called for. Again, a writer laments that this version should have been offered to the public as the standard translation, instead of being issued modestly as one of many similar attempts. But the Editors have nowhere made the slightest claim to the production of a standard translation—it is not easy to see how any one could—and, as a matter of fact, are there so many other similar attempts being made by Catholics? Besides those of Lingard and Spencer we are aware of no other Catholic

¹ Further valuable testimony as to the splendid social work accomplished by the Belgian priesthood may be found in Pratt's *Agricultural Organization* (King and Son).

translations from the Greek; whatever credit is due to the promoters of the "Westminster Version" rests on the fact that they have ventured to essay a remedy, whilst others have been content to deplore an evil. The current English version lacks accuracy, intelligibility, dignity: no wonder that it does not occupy the place that God's Word ought to occupy in the spiritual experiences of the faithful. The great Newman was once called upon to set this right: it was not his fault that he failed, nor is it presumptuous in lesser men under happier auspices to renew the attempt. To make the Bible read, then, they are endeavouring to make it readable; to make it yield its full measure of spiritual profit, they are endeavouring to elucidate its meaning to the full; to make it the more revered, they are endeavouring to present it in a guise less unworthy of its contents.

Criticism has also busied itself with the names, given in the prospectus, of the various Editors of sections. It is assumed from that imperfect list that the collaborators belong entirely to England, and that the great Catholic communities of Ireland and the United States are not represented in an enterprise which equally concerns them. This complaint rests on a misapprehension. The Editors, on the contrary, have been anxious to avoid even the appearance of exclusiveness. Although collaborators have not yet been sought for work on the Old Testament, the New Testament list includes three American scholars and one at least from Ireland. The Editors have to regret that owing to the pressure of administrative duties the distinguished Professor of Scripture at Maynooth, who is also Vice-President, is not amongst the number.

**My Kingdom
is not
of this world.**

The Church is a supernatural and supranational organization with an object that passes beyond the bounds of earth. She can never, therefore, without detriment be represented as identified with the fortunes of any particular people or State. No doubt certain races have done, or do, more than others to maintain and increase her salutary influence. That the depopulation of Ireland, for instance, has been overruled by Providence for good in the spread of the Faith is a fact of observation, and, again, the prestige of France is a valuable asset for the Catholic missionary in certain parts of the East. Still, not for all that can we prudently or confidently assert that to promote French or Irish influence is necessarily to further the cause of Catholicity, however true it may be in any particular case. In her dealings with mankind the Church admits no "most favoured nation" theory: that dispensation passed with Judaism. Hence to proclaim, as does our esteemed contemporary the *Revue Pratique d'Apolo-gétique* (October 15th, p. 118), that "*l'Eglise est un service de*

la France en Orient" is calculated to give a wholly false impression. If it only implies that wherever in a missionary country the preponderating number of missionaries is of one nationality, there the influence of that nationality over the natives will be the greatest, it is a truism. But if it implies that in such circumstances Catholic missionaries are in active political co-operation with the civil officials of the country to which they belong, and therefore in opposition to rival nations, it is to be repudiated as a calumny. In the vast area of British India the Church is represented by missionaries of almost every European nationality: yet amongst these men all national differences are sunk in loyalty to the British rule.

Whether missionaries belonging to non-Catholic denominations confine themselves equally to their spiritual ministrations in lands where there are opposed nationalities is open to serious doubt. Trade follows the flag, and not a few Protestant missionaries are traders as well.

Canon Sheehan. The death on October 5th of Canon Sheehan, P.P., of Doneraile, removed from our midst

one of the great Irishmen of our day, a man of exceptional literary gifts and of wide and profound culture. He was a man of books rather than of action, and his message to his time was mainly conveyed in the effective and popular guise of fiction. His limitations in this art were those of the student who has not also mingled in affairs: he lived in a world of ideas which did not always correspond with the real one. Hence the woodenness and conventionality of conception and speech displayed in many of his characters which were drawn from spheres beyond his experience. And hence, too, the vigour, humour, and picturesqueness that filled his pages when he spoke of what he had seen and felt. The "scenes from clerical life" embodied in *My New Curate* and scattered elsewhere throughout his many books have real and permanent value as pictures of contemporary manners. He was a shrewd critic, too, of his own surroundings, and Irishmen may profit not a little from his detached verdicts on various national idiosyncrasies. A very plain lesson to be drawn from his various works is one highly important in our days, viz., that it is possible to attain eminence as a novelist and yet keep wholly free from appeals to prurience in any form. Canon Sheehan is not the only writer who can be used to illustrate this truth; yet those remaining are sufficiently rare to make his death a real loss to literature.

Reviews.

I.—DR. HITCHCOCK ON THE EPHESIANS.¹

A WRITER must be judged by the aim which he proposes to himself, a truth which reviewers sometimes ignore. It is not Dr. Hitchcock's purpose to afford the plain man a voyage of plain sailing through St. Paul. Thus his scope differs entirely from that of the new Westminster Scriptures. He writes for the scholar, almost for the commentator. The ordinary reader, till he comes to apply himself seriously to the work, will be overwhelmed by its erudition. Indeed, it appears to us that the book might be unloaded of some of its learning with advantage to clearness. On v. 14, we might have been spared the references to Voltaire and Diderot, Kant and Stuart Mill. The discussion on justice, from the point of view of Plato's Republic and Aristotle's Ethics, seems rather wide of the Hebrew phrase, "justice and holiness" (iv. 24). On the other hand, St. Paul's own meaning, in some of his more difficult phrases, might have been set in a clearer light. Should the author, as we hope he may do, enrich Catholic scholarship with commentaries on further Epistles, *e.g.*, on the cognate Epistle to Colossians, and afterwards conjoin them in one volume, he would, we think, see the advisability of a certain compression.

We welcome the Pauline chronology (pp. 29-40), and the account of the Western, Neutral, Alexandrian, and Syrian Texts of the New Testament (pp. 41-45), and the diligence with which every variant reading is hunted out through these several texts and the manuscripts representative of them.

Dr. Hitchcock's renderings of St. Paul are extremely literal, and therefore, as he says, necessarily at times uncouth; for, like other great men, *e.g.*, St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Paul is not a smooth writer. The student who has still to learn his Pauline Greek, would be helped by Dr. Hitchcock's renderings. The Old Latin Version was produced on the same prin-

¹ *The Epistle to the Ephesians, an Encyclical of St. Paul. Translated from a revised Greek text and explained for English readers by the Rev. George S. Hitchcock, D.D., Doctor of Sacred Scripture. London: Burns and Oates. Pp. 536. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1913.*

ciple of literalness in the despite of ruggedness: hence its textual value. One remark on translation: In Eph. iii. 15, we think that *fatherhood* much better than *family* represents St. Paul's use of the word *patria* there, albeit the word is rightly rendered *family* in Luke ii. 4.

It is just to append this personal explanation of the author: "In writing this commentary I have tried to save the reader trouble. That is my excuse for repeating dates and other notes."

It militates against clearness that Dr. Hitchcock's copiousness of illustration has led him to cut up St. Paul into such small fragments—*disiecta membra Pauli*. This could be remedied, as we hope it will in a second edition, by printing paragraphs continuously, and then dividing into lines, couplets, or triplets, as at present.

2.—THE ARMADA.¹

The story of the Great Armada is one that Catholic teachers and students must constantly handle; and yet there has hitherto been a great lack of books which did not both greatly misrepresent the origin and conduct of the war on the side of our enemy, and introduce anti-Catholic railleries, which were hard to read with patience. Mr. Hale holds no brief for Catholic or Spaniard, but he tells a straightforward story, with which people of any nationality and any creed will be pleased, and the young will be fascinated. Some day we may hope for a history which will give us the Spanish side of the story clearly and strongly. We do not under-rate Captain Duro's essay, but something fuller is still much needed. Mr. Hale makes no attempt to supply this need. He does not work up Spanish views, or make us breathe a Spanish atmosphere. Tone and sympathy, both are English; yet the story is not that of English tradition, but all is fair and judicial. The insularity, the gross partiality of too many even of our schoolbooks, is wholly eliminated.

After lightly touching on the thirty years of previous quarrelling, and the preparations for the war, the historian introduces the Armada and its Admirals, and we are shown King Philip in his study, and note the shortcomings of his plan, and the great deficiencies of his fleet.

¹ *The Story of the Great Armada.* By John Richard Hale. London: Nelson. Pp. viii, 350. 14 Illustrations. 10 Maps. Price, 5s. 1913.

Finally the Armada sails, and here Mr. Hale, always clear and interesting, becomes more and more vigorous and stirring. Better still, he is able to unite spirited narrative with careful attention to details. We clearly realize the size of the conflict and the varying fortunes of the different fighting units, and still interest in the long drawn combat is rather enhanced than distracted. It is a real pleasure too to be able with ease to pass an impartial judgment, when this has hitherto only been possible by laborious comparison of writers on two sides. Whilst our admiration for the English navy increases, we feel no stir of savage satisfaction in the misfortunes of gallant foes. When Medina Sidonia's battered hulks are towed into their final berths, we sincerely sympathize with the brave sailors who deserved a better fate.

In a second edition the name of the Spanish Ambassador mentioned at p. 22 should be given as Mendoza, not de Feria, nor was he exactly "recalled" by King Philip. Much as we appreciate cheap books, it may be questioned whether the publishers were wise in asking so very little for this volume. At a higher price its value would have been better appreciated.

3.—A GREAT COMPOSER.¹

This is a new edition of a book first published in 1874. It is the standard work on Cherubini, and the author's name is always associated with that of the composer. Mr. Bellasis has taken great pains to collect the facts about his hero; he has investigated all the authorities; he gives a complete catalogue of his works, he quotes the opinions of other composers, and adds to them in criticism of his own. He is, in fact, a hero worshipper. Yet, in the circumstances, this is no disadvantage, for his theme is a man who is universally acknowledged to be a great genius, but whose works are comparatively little known. Every music lover who reads this book will feel a desire for a further acquaintance with Cherubini's music. Mr. Bellasis has already added to the reputation of Cherubini in this country, and it is to be hoped that this new edition of his book will further the interest he has at heart. But Cherubini is one of those geniuses who will never, we fear, be fully appreciated; serious, dignified, a pure

¹ Cherubini: *Memorials illustrative of his Life and Work.* By Edward Bellasis. Birmingham: Cornish Brothers. New Edition. Pp. xv, 356. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1913.

idealist, he never seems to unbend, to "let himself go," as the phrase is. In the popular regard he is formal and cold. On the other hand, his emotional appeal to the cultured hearer is great. Though he was born in Florence and spent the most important part of his life in France, Cherubini was chiefly influenced by the classical German school. Few men have won such enthusiastic praise from their fellow-art-workers or been regarded with such veneration by their pupils. His fame rests for the most part on his operas and his church music. Of the former the best known is the *Water-Carrier*, and a revival of this work would create a great interest in the musical world. But it is as a composer of church music that Cherubini shines the brightest. As Mr. Prout says, "the severe simplicity of style to be found in much of his sacred music seems admirably in keeping with the services of the Church." His works are performed in our churches, but not so often as they ought to be. His two Requiems, his Mass in A, his glorious *Regina Coeli* are unsurpassed in their way. And for modern music they are not particularly difficult. Another point in favour of his music, especially his church music, is that it will bear constant repetition. One does not tire of it. One would tire of Mozart's Requiem sooner than Cherubini's Requiem in C minor.

4.—MATERIALS FOR HISTORY.¹

The late Mr. W. T. Stead, in criticizing that Canadian book of Mrs. Humphry Ward's which the authoress herself described as "an attempt to record broadly and swiftly the impressions of a train journey across the country," said that to her were "due the thanks of all the Colonial-born for having caught the spirit of that which is scornfully supposed to have no spirit, and interpreted the soul of that which is scornfully supposed to have no soul—a New Land."

If Mr. William Wood, the author of the series of historical papers called *In the Heart of Old Canada*, had rather made all the delightful matter he has collected—instead of merely scheduling it in book form—the basis of a work which should do for the foundations of Canadian life and history that which Mrs. Ward had done for its aspirations, he would have rendered a signal service to the nascent indigenous literature of the Dominion. That Mr. Wood is

¹ *In the Heart of Old Canada.* By William Wood. Toronto: Briggs. Pp. xiii, 310. Price, \$1.50. 1913.

quite capable of doing this is as apparent from his Preface—which few pages are worth as much as the rest of the book—as from his literary and historical record.

In a pushful, self-advertizing, "booming" country like Canada, it was quite certain that the plea which Mr. Wood puts forth in his Preface for the recognition of the fact that a whole nation cannot live on "business" alone, but must set up and pay homage to the ideals which inspired its pioneers, heroes, saints, and statesmen, would find most ready acceptance in "Old" Canada, in that Province which has preserved the faith and the culture of Europe and where French is paramount. For the French themselves, in becoming Canadian-French, seem to have retained all the characteristic graces while discarding all the—unfortunately characteristic—vices of the parent nation. Mr. Wood—not, we gather, a Catholic himself, although a sympathetic and appreciative friend—emphasizes Catholic Canada's tribute to the British, subsequent to the French Crown ceding the sovereignty to George III. in 1763, a contribution which is still evident both in the literary and in the political spheres of the life of the Dominion.

Perhaps the most important chapter in Mr. Wood's book (which we select from much that is worth attention) is that called "An Ursuline Epic." This is the very charming story of a great Ursuline (now on the eve of beatification), and of a great Ursuline Foundation, although, we fear that Mr. Wood goes too far afield to make up his trilogy of pre-eminent Catholic religious women in fetching St. Catherine from Siena, and St. Teresa from Avila to set beside Mère Marie at Quebec! He need have gone no farther than to Montreal! The "Valiant Woman of Canada" herself, Madame D'Youville, Foundress of the native Canadian Order of the famous Grey Nuns, was educated by the Ursulines of Quebec, and she in turn had been preceded in pioneer philanthropy by the heroic Mère Marie Bourgeoys, Foundress of the no less famous teaching Congregation of Notre Dame.

We must pass over Mr. Wood's interesting contribution to the discussion centring round "Wolfe and Gray's Elegy," and merely mention the essay on the "Habitant," with which type Sir Gilbert Parker and others has made us so familiar. Altogether the book is a welcome and valuable addition to the topical literature of the earlier Canada, and will be welcomed by the lovers of the land on both sides of the Atlantic.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY.

FATHER LEONARD LEHU, O.P., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Collegio Angelico, Rome, has issued the first volume of his "Prælectio[n]es," containing the treatise, *Ethica Generalis* (Gabalda: 6.00 fr.). In the midst of the wild ever-changing theories of non-Catholics as to the principles which lie at the root of right conduct—the ideal of happiness, the standard of morality, the foundation of law, the obligation of conscience, and so forth—it is refreshing to meet with such a solid and masterly exposition as this is, of the unchanging Catholic doctrine, so reasonable, so sound, so consistent, so true. The treatment is, of course, speculative, and the author only touches lightly upon such a practical question as probabilism. On that one subject we fear his elected theory would not avail for common use.

DEVOTIONAL.

Madame Cecilia is far from allowing her talent for fruitful spiritual musings on different aspects of perfection to lie idle. On the top of two previous volumes of devout readings she now issues *Spiritual Gleanings for Marian Sodalists* (Longmans: 2s. 6d. net), a volume full of the practical piety, illustrated by many examples and made attractive by a variety of well-chosen motives, which characterizes all Madame Cecilia's writings.

The Holy See has lately emphasized the fact that the primary object of the Third Order of St. Francis is an entirely spiritual one, viz., personal sanctification. We can imagine no book better fitted to further that object than the volume entitled *Franciscan Tertiaries* (Washbourne: 2s. 6d. net), by Fr. William, O.S.F.C. In a series of brightly-written chapters, the "whole duty" of the Tertiary is expounded with a great wealth of practical detail, showing how it is possible to be in the world and yet not of it. There are those who look upon the Third Order as the means which is destined under Providence to re-Christianize modern civilization. There can be no doubt of this effect if its members are only thoroughly imbued with the spirit here described. His Grace the Archbishop of Simla contributes a long and interesting preface.

Messrs. Washbourne have issued *The Life of Christ* (5s. net), a translation or adaptation (from the German?) by the Rev. John E. Mullet. It embodies the sacred narrative in a devotional and explanatory commentary, divided into sections presumably for meditation. It is copiously illustrated by half-tones of the original paintings of Martin Feuerstein and, being attractively bound, it would make an excellent gift-book.

The Christian Science of Prayer (Allenson: 1s. 6d. net) is not a Catholic book, but it contains a good deal of Catholic doctrine. Compared with the elaborate treatises on prayer to be found in our ascetical books, it may be found somewhat commonplace and thin. There is no mention of the highest form of prayer, praise and worship, there is no reference to an essential concomitant of prayer, "fasting" or self-denial in one shape or another, but what there is—isistence on reality, effort, patience, &c.—is sound and helpful.

FICTION.

A quite new name is that of the authoress of **Libby Ann**, viz., Miss S. K. Casey (Heinemann: 6s.), and we congratulate her upon a really remarkable achievement. May we offer at once what shall be our only adverse criticisms? The latter part of the novel—all that follows Libby's expedition to Granny's bedside—is too long. It introduces new and distracting *motifs*. It makes the book amorphous. To vary metaphors, our aeroplane gets into an air-pocket or two, and the wings are not up-borne, and the passenger pants. Not so the aviatrix. Her vitality seems indomitable. Here is our encouragement: this will be far from her last book. This charming tale of the quaint, indefatigable village child reminds us of the best in Canon Sheehan (and how good that is!) for its wonderful Irish peasant-world (the men are as good as the women, and both—almost—as the children): Libby herself reminds us—well, of a blend between Wendy in *Peter Pan*; Grizzel (wasn't she?) in *Sentimental Tommy*; the "Marchioness" in the *Old Curiosity Shop*; with just a touch of Lady Noggs. Perhaps what made us happiest in this very happying book was the baby's bonnet, trimmed with vivid orange, calculated to make the reddest skin look white. . . . But it tingles throughout with vivid characterization, and (may we be forgiven a possible impertinence?) with a certain sense of girlish excited joy in the discovery of the details of existence and the power to express them.

A bright little book in the Henry Harland manner and dealing in part with the favourite Italy of that master is **The Gondola** (Mills and Boon: 6s.), by Mr. Rothay Reynolds, author of *My Russian Year*. Whether in Venice or St. Petersburg the writer is equally at home. He excels in humorous dialogue and manages exciting situations. Moreover, he has the art of writing as a Catholic without in any way preaching—an art which is not common, yet one which is necessary, if a general audience is not to be repelled.

Miss Eleanor Frances Kelly is a well-known magazine writer and has a distinct gift as a teller of short stories. We are glad, therefore, to have the two collections of her tales, **Our Lady Intercedes** and **Blind Maureen**, which Messrs. Washbourne publish at 2s. 6d. and 2s. respectively in a bright gift-book form.

Out of somewhat well-worn materials—a man's religion standing in the way of his worldly prosperity and happiness—Madame de Longgarde (Dorothea Gerard) has constructed a novel, **The Unworthy Pact** (Stanley Paul: 6s.), which is not only as exciting as a romance should be but also of much apologetic value. The processes of losing and gaining the Catholic faith are sketched with a great deal of intuition, yet the argumentative element is not felt to be out of place. The *dénouement*

is cleverly and satisfactorily managed, and the whole effect of the book is to interest and edify alike.

In quaint "Elizabethan" English and with much attention to local colour Miss Vera Riccardi-Cubitt has narrated a story of persecution times, **The Pearl of Great Price** (Washbourne: 1s. 6d.), which gives a faithful and thrilling impression of what it meant to be a Catholic in the days of Queen Bess. The noble family in whose fortunes our interest is stirred yields two of its members to martyrdom and its estates to confiscation, yet we feel throughout that even so the "Pearl of Great Price" is cheaply purchased. We trust that the talented young authoress will cultivate still further her undoubted literary gifts. This, her first volume, will make an admirable gift-book.

POETRY.

We cannot read far in **Bread and Circuses** (John Lane: 3s. 6d. net), by Helen Parry Eden, without feeling that here at least is the authentic thing—inspiration and the art to give it appropriate utterance. A deep spirituality breathes in many of these little poems, a rich vein of humour glows in others, and they are all marked by the felicity and simplicity of diction which evidence the possession of a sensitive critical spirit. Many of the verses are descriptive of children and the ways of four-footed pets, and R.L.S., we are sure, would have recognized in them a sister-hand.

GENERAL.

The Mishna on Idolatry (Cambridge University Press: 7s. 6d. net), edited by W. A. L. Emslie, M.B., is the product of the rabbinical school at Cambridge. To Christians the interest of this treatise mainly lies in the light which it sheds upon the theory and practice of the Jews at the time of the New Testament; the *Mishna* is of course a later work, but much of it may well go back to the beginning of our era, for in it is to be found the traditional theocratic jurisprudence of the rabbis. Thus, when we find ("Aboda Zara," V., 5) an example given of an Israelite sitting at table with a pagan, without any reprobation of the proceeding being expressed, we can hardly fail to conclude that such a proceeding could not have been looked upon with universal abhorrence in apostolic times; for the Pharisees became stricter on such points afterwards, rather than laxer. In general, this work, with its pointed text, variant readings, careful translations and notes, vocabulary and so forth, will be found to furnish an excellent introduction to the study of the *Mishna*, both as regards language and contents.

A true patriotism has inspired the valuable addition to the Irish Catholic Truth Society's excellent "Iona Series" of shilling volumes—Fr. Patrick McSweeney's **A Group of Nation-Builders**. The group does not consist of statesmen or ecclesiastics, although political freedom and religious development are both essential in the construction of a State. Fr. McSweeney has turned for his heroes to the life of the mind, and selected the honoured names of O'Donovan, O'Curry and Petrie. All three were scholars, well versed in the history, literature, topography and archaeology of Ireland, and to their labours as pioneers is due the opportunity which the country now has to realize itself in native letters. Fr.

McSweeney writes with a cultured ease and a very competent knowledge of his subject.

Endowed with keen powers of analysis and a bright descriptive pen Mr. Philip Gibbs, in *The New Man: a Portrait Study of the Latest Type* (Pitman and Sons: 3s. 6d. net), sets about the dissection of modern society. Although the modern man is ostensibly the only victim strapped to the table, the modern woman too, whom Mr. Gibbs holds responsible for many of his subjects' peculiarities, comes in for many a shrewd stroke of the scalpel. The whole result is a vividly-drawn picture of a society which has lost all high ideals, which is gradually, though still under the forms of the old respectability, coming more and more into the grasp of the three concupiscences, which cares as little as Festus did about "righteousness and continence and the judgment to come," so has nothing to base its morality upon. All the author's highly-trained powers of observation, all his mastery of pungent phrase, all his humour and kindness, are visible in these fascinating pages, which unobtrusively but no less effectively point a salutary moral, destined to reach those unhappily out of reach of more formal Christian influences. Mr. Gibbs ends in a note of pessimism which we suspect is not wholly serious. He appears to see in the virtues inculcated into a certain section of the young generation by the Boy Scouts Movement the last hope of a decadent age. This is "How Clarence saved England," in another sense. But more than mere natural virtue is needed to cure the prevalent Naturalism.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Schwann, of Duesseldorf, have made a useful addition to their list of plain song books in *Psalmi Vespertini et Completorium*. As in the other volumes the type is clear and good. The work is recommended to admirers of the orthodox Gregorian.

Attention has frequently been drawn of late to the growing popularity of hymn-singing in our churches, and in issuing *The Book of Hymns with Tunes*, edited by S. G. Ould, O.S.B., and William Sewell, Messrs. Cary and Co., of London, and Schubert and Co., of New York, are supplying a want of the times.

The Use of Holy Images, by the Rev. S. F. Smith, and *The Abuse of Indulgences*, by B. F. C. Costelloe, are two of the latest C.T.S. penny pamphlets, exceptionally useful as treating of points of Catholic doctrine often misunderstood and misrepresented by outsiders. *Verses on the Passion* (Washbourne: 1d.), by a Sister of Notre Dame, are pretty little poems intended to be read by children during the various stages of the great drama of the Mass. *Thoughts on the Holy Souls* (C.T.S.: 1d.), selected by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, provides appropriate readings for November. In *Why not Latin?* (reprinted from Proceedings of the Classical Association), Professor A. Ailenger, S.J., of St. Xavier's College, Bombay, makes a very persuasive plea for a return amongst the educated to the medieval practice of using Latin for international intercourse, instead of one of the artificial languages now in vogue. If we do learn Latin at school, why cannot it be taught colloquially? Is it not easier to revive a dead language which still has organization if not life than to create a new one out of various fragments of others? The plea is worth considering by educators if only as a means of giving greater interest to the study of Latin.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

ALLENSON, London.
The Christian Science of Prayer. By the Author of *The Christian Science of Life.* Pp. 156. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1913.

AVE MARIA PRESS, Indiana.
The Silence of Sebastian. By Anna T. Sadlier. Pp. 405. Price, 21. 25. 1913.
Billy-Boy. By Mary T. Wagaman. Pp. 229. Price, 75 c. 1913.

BATSFORD, London.
The Fellowship Books. Second six volumes, viz., *Fairies*, by G. M. Faulding; *Freedom*, by A. M. Freeman; *Solitude*, by Norman Gale; *A Spark Divine*, by R. C. Lehmann; *Childhood*, by Alice Meynell; *Romance*, by Ernest Rhys. About pp. 60 each. Price 2s. net. each. 1913.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.
Dieu: existence et cognoscibilité. By S. Belmond. Pp. xvi, 362. Price, 4.00 fr. 1913.
L'Édit de Calliste. By A. d'Alès. Pp. vi, 484. Price, 7.50 fr. 1913.

BRIGGS, Toronto.
In the Heart of Old Canada. By William Wood. Pp. xiii, 310. Price, 8.15. 1913.

BURNS AND OATES, London.
One Generation of a Norfolk House. By A. Jessopp, D.D. Third Edition. Pp. 352. Price, 7s net. 1913.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
The Early History of the Liturgy. By J. H. Crawley, D.D. Pp. xx, 251. Price, 6s. net. 1913.
The Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. X. Pp. xvi, 562. Price, 9s. net. 1913.
An Elementary Latin Grammar. By Arthur Sloman, M.A. Pp. xi, 170. Price, 2s. 6d. 1913.
Exercises and Problems in English History, 1485-1820. By W. J. R. Gibbs, B.A. Pp. vi, 174. Price, 2s. 6d. 1913.

DESCLÉE ET CIE, Paris.
L'Inquisition et l'Hérésie. By Abbé Leon Garzend. Pp. xvi, 540. Price, 8.00 fr. 1913.

DEVIN-ADAIR CO., New York.
Poems. By Sister M. Blanche. Pp. 58. 1913.

GABALDA, Paris.
Philosophia Moralis et Socialis. Vol. I. By Leonard Lehu, O.P. Pp. viii, 327. Price, 6.00 fr. 1913.
L'Eucharistie. 5e édit. By Pierre Batifol. Pp. ix, 516. Price, 3.50 fr. 1913.
Les Esclaves Chrétiens. 5e édit. By Paul Allard. Pp. xiii, 484. Price, 3.50 fr. 1913.

HEINEMANN, London.
Libby Ann. By S. K. Casey. Pp. 302. Price, 6s. 1913.

LANE, London.
Bread and Circuses. By Helen Parry Eden. Pp. 130. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1913.

LONGMANS AND CO., London.
The Life of Vicountess de Bonnault d'Honet. From the French of Père Stanislaus. Pp. xxxii, 368. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1913.
The Church of Rome in the First Century. By George Edmundson, M.A. Pp. xiii, 296. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1913.
The Religious Instinct. By T. J. Hardy. Pp. 300. Price, 5s. net. 1913.
Old Testament Rhymes. By Mgr. R. H. Benson. Illustrated by Gabriel Pipet. Pp. 30. Price, 1s. sewed; 2s. cloth. 1913.

METHUEN AND CO., London.
Ancient Painted Glass in England, 1170-1500. By Philip Nelson, M.D. Pp. xvii, 280. Price, 7s 6d. net. 1913.

PERRIN ET CIE., Paris.
Les Conventionnels Régicides. Pp. 539. Price, 5.00 fr. 1913.

PICARD, Paris.
Etudes, Textes, Découvertes. By Dom Germain Morin of Maredsous. Vol. I. Pp. xii, 526. Price, 12. 50 fr. 1913.

PITMAN, London.
The New Man: a Portrait Study of the Latest Type. By Philip Gibbs. Pp. 257. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1913.

PUSTET, Rome.
L'Ideale del Buon Pastore. By Dr. Enrico Swoboda. Pp. 42. Price, 0.80 l. 1913.
De Obligationibus dubi baptizatorum. By Mgr. Dominicus Mannajoli. Pp. 250. Price, 3.00 l. 1913.
Manuale Sacrum Cæreniarum. Third Edit. Vol. II. By Pius Martinucci. Pp. 532. Price, 6.00 l. 1913.
Relatio Analytica. By G. Arendt. Pp. 43. Price, 1.1. 1913.

SANDS, London.
Mrs. Fairlie's Granddaughters. By Frances Noble. Pp. 211. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1913.
Spiritism Unveiled. By D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. Pp. xii, 216. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1913.
Memoirs of Baron Hyd de Neuville. Translated and abridged by Frances Jackson. 2 vols. Pp. xv, 273, 287. Price, 21s. net. 1913.

SCHULZE AND CO., Edinburgh.
The Scottish Monasteries of Old. By Michael Barrett, O.S.B. Pp. x, 224. 1913.

SCOTT, London.
The Present Relations of Science and Religion. By the Rev. T. G. Bonney, Sc.D. Pp. xi, 212. Price, 5s. net. 1913.

SECKER, London.
Sinister Street. Vol. I. By Compton Mackenzie. Pp. x, 496. Price, 6s. 1913.

SOCIETY OF ST. AUGUSTINE, (Desclée) Bruges.
De Brabander's Juris Canonici Compendium. Edit. 8va. Re-edited by A. De Meester. Vol. I. Part I. Pp. ciii, 321. Price (complete volume), 15.00 fr. 1913.

STANLEY PAUL AND CO., London.
The Unworthy Pact. By Dorothea Gerard. Pp. 312. Price, 6s. 1913.

WASHBOURNE, London.
The Pearl of Great Price. By Vera Riccardi-Cubitt. Pp. 118. Price, 1s. 6d. 1913.

